

**MARVEL COMICS
PRESENTS**

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Every Thursday 12p



Comic Strips! Features! Pin-Ups!

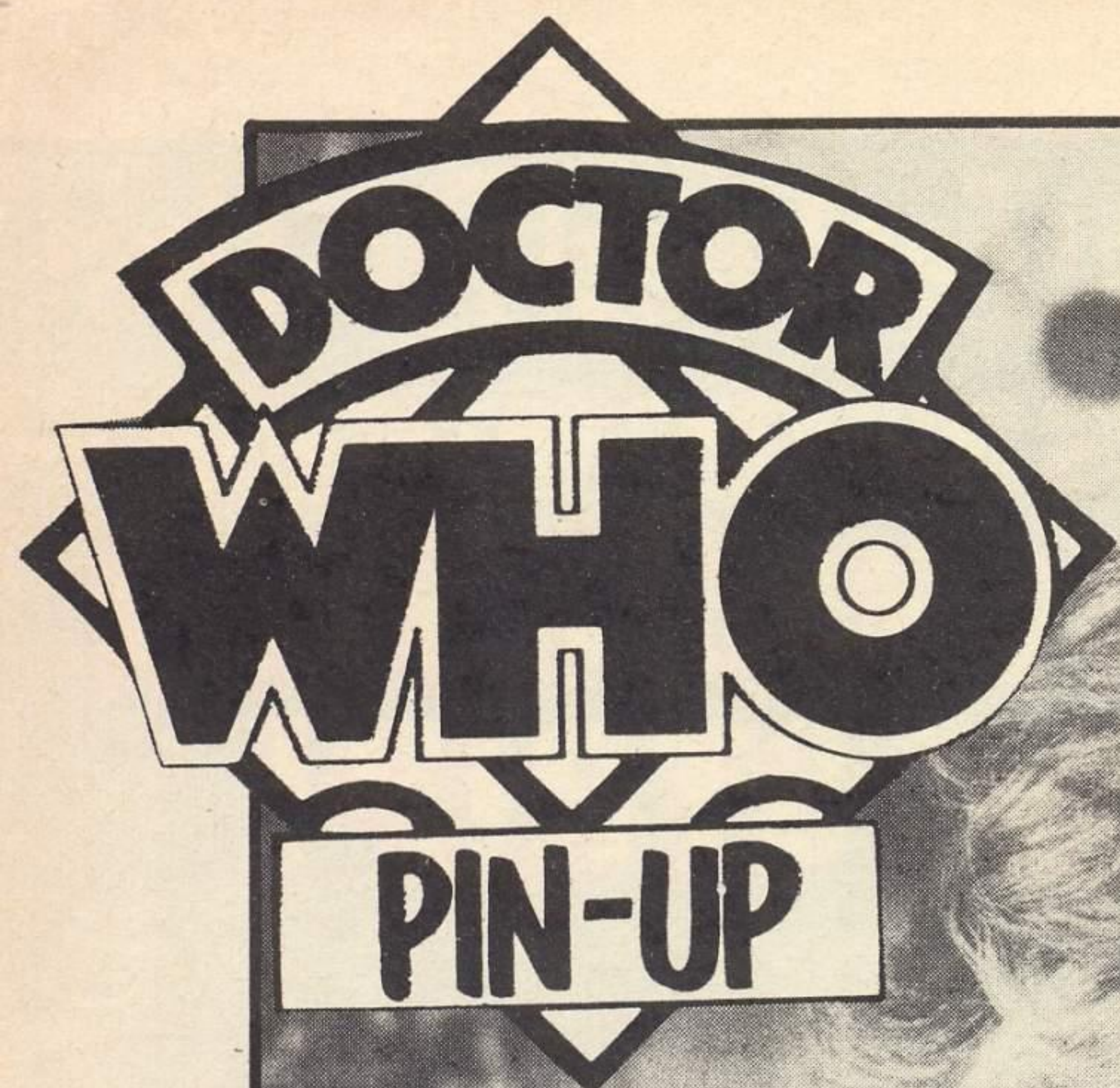
**STARTS THIS WEEK—
A NEW CYBERMAN
COMIC STRIP!**

**ALSO—
THE DOCTOR
VISITS
GALAXY FOUR**

**FACTS, FEATURES,
COMPETITIONS,
AND COMIC STRIPS**

**ON TV'S
FAVOURITE
SF HERO!**





Jon Pertwee as the Doctor in the Dr Who adventure "The Green Death".

Stan Lee
presents

DOCTOR
WHO

AND
THE

STAR
BEAST

YOU
MUST LET US
ON THIS BUS!
THE WHOLE
FUTURE OF
THE GALAXY
IS AT
STAKE!

A MYSTERIOUS ALIEN--
KNOWN AS 'THE MEEP'--
HAS CRASH-LANDED IN
BLACKCASTLE, WHERE HE
IS HELPED BY THE DOCTOR
AND TWO CHILDREN. THEY
HAVE NO IDEA THAT THE
MEEP IS REALLY A
GALACTIC CRIMINAL!

NOW, AS THE MEEP'S
ENEMIES--THE WRARTH
WARRIORS--ATTACK, THE
DOCTOR AND HIS COMPANIONS
FLEE FROM THE --

SORRY,
MATE! NO
ANIMALS
ALLOWED ON
MY BUS--
EXCEPT ON A
LEAD!

REVENGE of WRARTH!

WRITERS= MILLS + WAGNER / ARTIST= DAVE GIBBONS / EDITOR= PAUL NEARY

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A HACSA 2004 SCANNIVERSARY SCAN by

GOTHMAN



MEANWHILE, AT THE HIGGINS' HOUSE, THE WRARTH WARRIORS USE TRANSLATORS TO COMMUNICATE WITH THEIR PRISONERS...

YOU HAVE HELPED THE EVIL MEEP, EARTH-BEINGS! FOR THAT, YOU WILL BE TERMINATED!

BUT YOUR DEATHS WILL BE EASIER IF YOU... CO-OPERATE!

WHAT SHALL WE DO, FUDGE?

I'M NOT SCARED OF TWO B.E.M.S! LISTEN, I'LL TELL YOU HOW CAPTAIN STARFLASH GOT OUT OF A SITUATION JUST LIKE THIS!



WE ARE NOT INTERESTED IN CAPTAIN STARFLASH, DWARF! WE SEEK THE MEEP AND HIS ACCOMPLICE, THE DOCTOR!

WHERE IS THE DOCTOR? ANSWER...OR DIE!

I'M RIGHT HERE! NOW WHY DON'T YOU STOP WAVING THAT SILLY GUN ABOUT AND LET'S TALK THIS WHOLE BUSINESS OVER.

FIRE OF KALOS!

YOU ARE EITHER VERY BRAVE OR VERY STUPID TO RETURN!

I JUST WANT TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THINGS! I'M NOT ON ANYONE'S SIDE! MRS. HIGGINS --I THINK WE COULD ALL DO WITH A NICE CUP OF TEA...JUST EIGHT SUGARS IN MINE!

I-I'LL PUT THE KETTLE ON.

WHY SHOULD WE TRUST YOU?

MAYBE I'VE GOT SOMETHING IN MY POCKETS THAT WILL CONVINCE YOU...KEY TO THE TARDIS...? MEDAL FOR DEFEATING THE CYBERMEN...? GALACTIC EXPRESS...?

THAT'S DIFFERENT, DOCTOR...



...EVEN IN THE WRARTH GALAXY, WE HAVE HEARD OF THE TERRIBLE CYBERMEN!

VERY WELL,
DOCTOR! I AM
SERGEANT ZOGROTH
AND MY COLLEAGUE
IS CONSTABLE
ZREEG!

THE EVENTS
THAT LED US TO
EARTH BEGAN ON THE
OTHER SIDE OF THE
UNIVERSE--ON THE
MEEP'S HOME-
WORLD!

"THE MEEPS WERE A HIGHLY
ADVANCED, PEACEFUL
RACE, WHO KNEW
NOTHING OF WAR AND
CRUELTY..."

HOP, SKIP,
JUMP AND SING!
FOUR JOLLY MEEPS,
ALL IN A
RING!

MEEP!

MEEP!

MEEP!

"AND THROUGHOUT THE WRARTH
GALAXY, THEIR NAME WAS A
BYWORD FOR HAPPINESS!"

"THEN, TRAGEDY
STRUCK... THEIR
PLANET'S ORBIT
MYSTERIOUSLY
CHANGED--IT
PASSED CLOSE
TO..."

"...THE BLACK SUN!"

"THE SUN'S
RADIATION
MUTATED A
RACE THAT
WAS GENTLE
AND KIND..."

"...INTO CRUEL BEASTS WHO
LIVED FOR CONQUEST!"

HEY HO!
HEY HO! IT'S
OFF TO WAR
WE GO!

"IN A SAVAGE STARKRIEG THE MEEPS OVER-RAN PLANET
AFTER PLANET...THERE WAS NO REASONING WITH THEM!"

"THE MEEPS DESTROYED EVERYTHING...THEIR
PRISONERS WERE SHOWN NO MERCY!"

HOPPITY
HOP! BOPPITY BOP!
WHO'S NEXT FOR
THE CHOP?

"RELUCTANTLY, THE STAR COUNCIL ORDERED THE USE OF THE WRARTH WARRIORS... BIOLOGICAL CONSTRUCTS OF THE FIVE STRONGEST RACES IN THE GALAXY. WE ARE--"

"LAW ENFORCERS OF THE STARS!"



"WE FOUGHT THE MEEPS FROM PLANET TO PLANET. AT LAST, AT THE BATTLE OF YARRAS, WE SMASHED THE MEEPS' ARMADA!"



"ONLY THEIR CRUEL LEADER ESCAPED..."

"A G.L.E.P.-- GALACTIC LAW ENFORCEMENT POSSE-- WAS FORMED..."

"IN HOT PURSUIT, WE SHOT THE MEEP DOWN OVER EARTH..."



HERE IS OUR OFFICIAL WARRANT, DOCTOR... AUTHORIZING HIS CAPTURE... **DEAD OR ALIVE!**



MY PROPHETIC SOUL! SO THE MEEP IS AS GENTLE AS A BOA-CONSTRUCTOR -- AND HE'S GOT SHARON IN HIS GRASP!



NEXT WEEK:
HOUR OF THE BEAST!

CLASSIFIED

... TOP SECRET ... TOP SECRET ... TOP SECRET ... TOP SECRET ... TOP SECRET ...

Exclusive! The second part of this document chronicles the sinister events of the early seventies. Priority clearance must be obtained before reading. Make sure that this information doesn't fall into the wrong hands ...

THE UNIT FILE

PART TWO

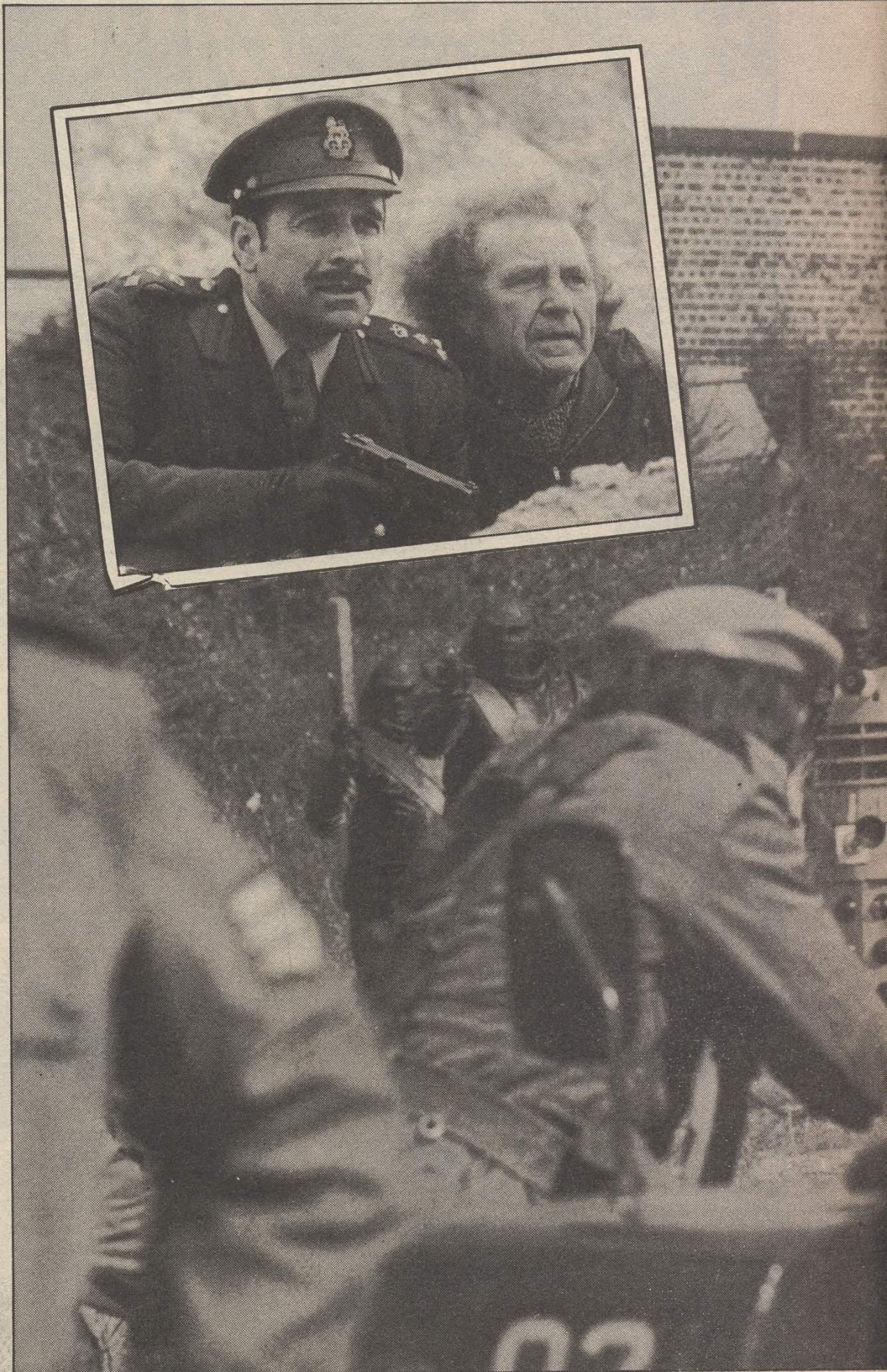
Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart had hand-picked his immediate command. Promoted from private after the battle against the invading Cybermen was John Benton. Loyal and immeasurably valued, Sergeant Benton has earned his recent promotion by sheer hard work. Michael Yates' career was less successful.

The story of Captain Yates is a strange intriguing tale of misfortune.

Yates had been serving under Lethbridge-Stewart for three years, showing courage and initiative against countless alien attacks.

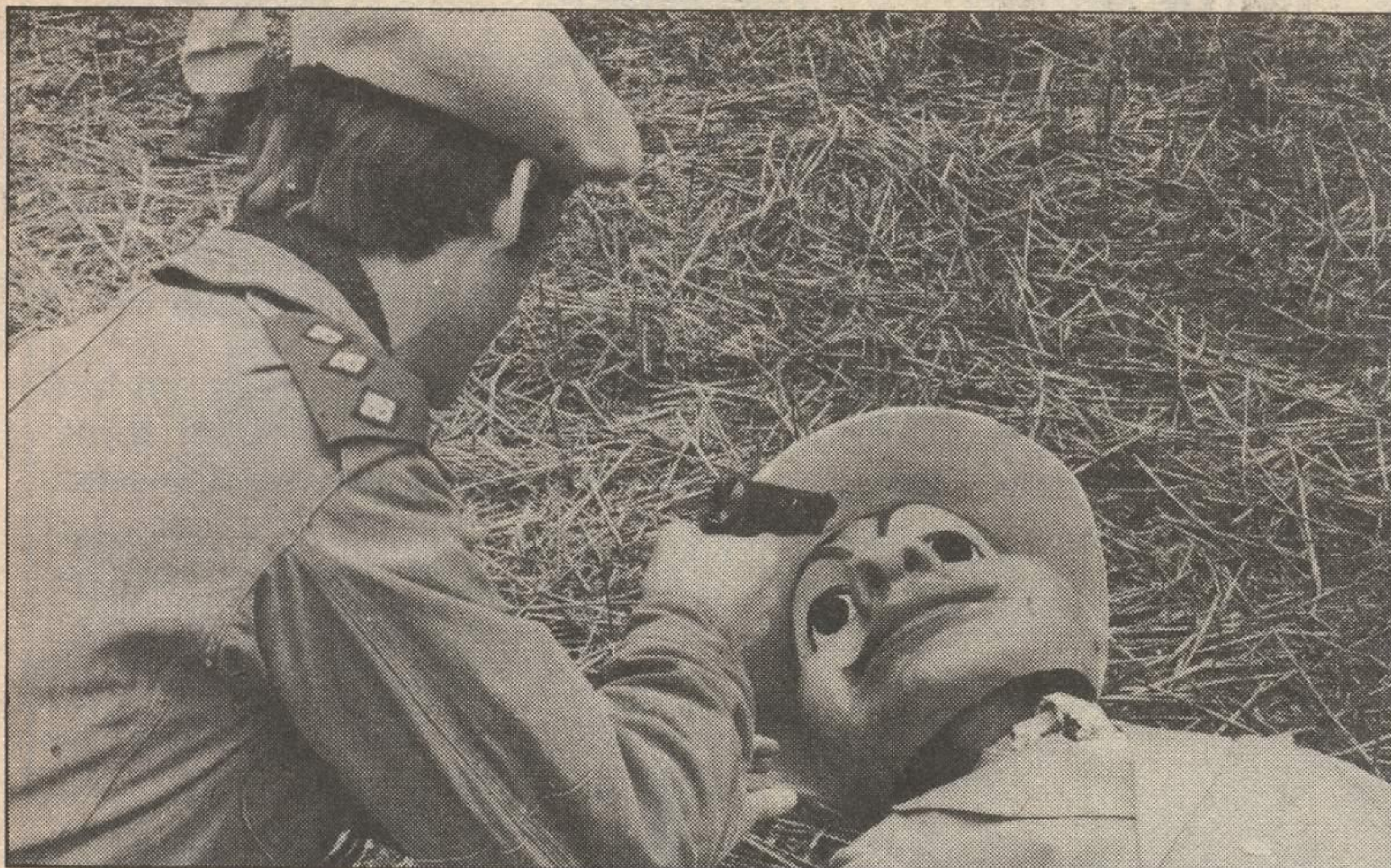
In 1973, a series of mysterious events led UNIT to Wales — Llanfairfach. Global Chemicals, a company that had discovered a precious mineral-oil, had been given a government grant to build a new refinery. The company soon came under local attack. The villagers had always been suspicious of strangers, and then came the strange, lethal disease which started to attack the miners ... The Brigadier planted a man on the inside of the company to find out if anything was wrong. Yates volunteered.

Something was indeed very wrong! Yates soon discovered that the refinery's director, Doctor Stevens was in fact under the control of a computer called BOSS (Bimorphic Organisational Systems Supervisor). An evil computer with a will of its own bent on world domination. BOSS discovered that Yates was an informer, and was quick to act. The Captain was brainwashed into killing Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart and his scientific advisor



TOP SECRET ... TOP SECRET ... TOP SECRET ... TOP SECRET ... TOP SECRET ...

TOP SECRET TOP SECRET TOP SECRET TOP SECRET TOP SECRET



the power to be an alien who had lain dormant since the very dawn of mankind.

MANKINDS' WAR AGAINST AN ALIEN FORCE

Fleet Street demanded an explanation as to why an armed force was allowed to occupy a village in peace time and how far UNIT was permitted to go. Little did the Press realise that "peace time" no longer existed — we were fighting a war . . . A war against a being which we could only begin to understand.

The Press have turned the UNIT investigation into a vendetta against the government. At this moment, questions are being asked in the House of Commons as to the known existence of U.F.O.'s and extraterrestrial forces.

"THE TIME FOR BLIND DISBELIEF IS OVER"

I feel the time has come to make known the full truth of UNIT. The past five years have proven that we can no longer keep its activities secret, or withhold from the public the knowledge we have of alien life. We are not alone in the universe.

It is important to maintain a stronger united force to protect the Earth from dangerous alien powers. If the public are to know that there is a threat out in the beyond, they must be assured that we have the force to combat it.

The time for blind disbelief is over. We must be ready for them:

Coming shortly in Dr Who Weekly, your chance to join a top secret society! Using classified coded messages and confidential fact files on all the dangerous alien forces that might threaten mankind — you can become the Doctor's assistant in his fight against the evils of the universe. Watch out for further details.



Top: Captain Yates in action against the terrifying might of the Autons. **Centre:** The Doctor (Jon Pertwee), and his assistant Jo Grant (Katy Manning) together fighting the "Terror of the Autons". **Above:** The Brigadier (Nicholas Courtney) with UNIT's scientific advisor, the Doctor (Jon Pertwee).

get the allegations over a crucial leak of information surrounding Axonite — the mineral from space offered to us by the Axons; then there was the mystery surrounding the sinister

occurrences at Devil's End . . . At this strange, lonely village the Master had unleashed ancient paranormal energies. In the midst of this unholy, psychic mess, came the Doctor who discovered

TOP SECRET TOP SECRET TOP SECRET TOP SECRET TOP SECRET

CRAZY CAPTION 23

£5 TO BE WON!

Here it is! Another of our candid shots from the Dr Who tv series that just cries out for a caption. Simply send in the funniest line you can to go with the empty speech balloon (25 words or less), and you could win £5!. Send your entries — **on postcards only** — postmarked no later than March 23rd, to us at:

CRAZY CAPTION 23
Marvel Comics, Jadwin House,
205-211 Kentish Town Road,
London NW5.

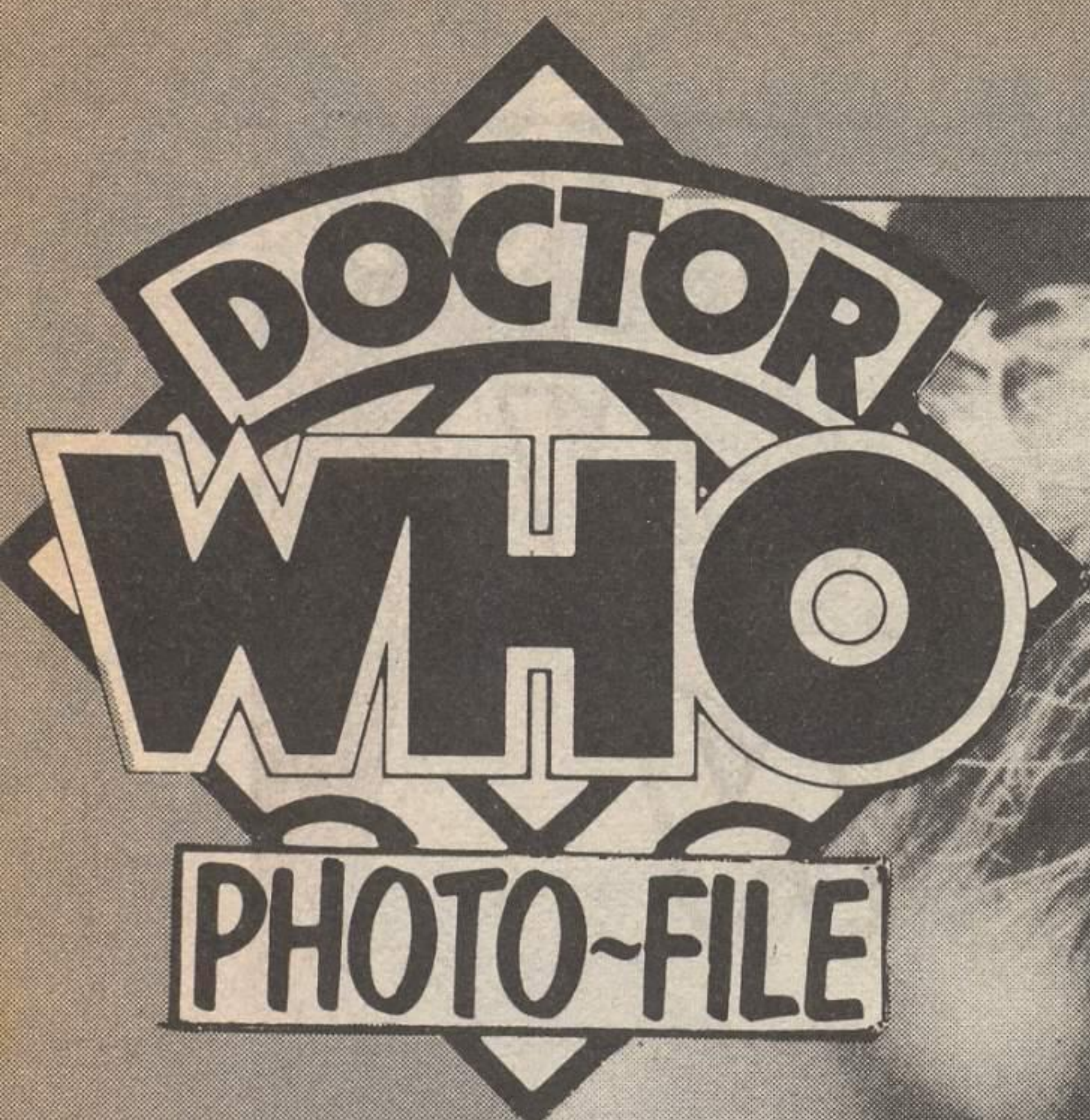


RESULTS OF CRAZY CAPTION NUMBER 17 THE WINNER:

H. Williams from Llangwin, wins £5 for his caption printed right: Signed, colour photos of Tom Baker as the Doctor, have gone to the ten runners-up:

David Pemberton from Dukinfield;
Steven Reynolds from Huddlesfield;
Dennis Cattell from Derby;
Neil Evans from Penthe;
Nathan Rimell from Croydon;
Christopher Steven from Southampton;
David Allen from Birmingham;
Alison White from Bethnal Green;
Ben Lawrence from Winsor;
Paulene Yates from Southampton.





Entry Number Twenty Three: **DEBORAH WATERFIELD**

BORN: 1948

ROLE: Victoria Waterfield

YEARS: 1967 to 1968

MAJOR TV APPEARANCES: *The Life of Lewis Carroll* (TV debut as Alice); *The Newcomers*; *The Power Games*; *Danger UXB*.

MAJOR FILM APPEARANCES: *That'll Be the Day* (1963) *Take Me High* (1963) (opposite Cliff Richard).

MAJOR STAGE APPEARANCES: *Bequest to the Nation*; *Laburnum Grove* (with Arthur Lowe); *Sack Race*; *Same Time Next Year*.

SPECIAL MENTION: The character of Victoria was devised by script-editor Gerry Davis and was named after his own daughter. After the rapid succession of trendy sixties girl companions, Victoria was to be a step back to the times when

gentlemen sought to protect a lady from the horrors of unimaginable evil. Victoria became the Doctor's companion when her father was brutally murdered by the Daleks in the 1967 serial "Evil of the Daleks". She never lost her fear of creatures like the Ice Warriors, the Yeti and the Cybermen, and indeed it was her amplified screams which eventually defeated the seaweed parasite in the story "Fury From the Deep".

Born into an acting family, Deborah's sister is the singer Dilys Watling while her father is the noted screen actor, Jack Watling. Father and daughter appeared together in the two Yeti serials where Jack played the part of the scientist, Professor Travers.

TALES FROM THE TARDIS

FROM THE VIDEO
BANKS OF THE TARDIS
WE HAVE A STORY OF A YOUNG
PLAYWRIGHT CALLED BEDFORD,
A MAN WHO WAS TO BE-
COME ONE OF...

THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON

I AM STILL YOUNG IN YEARS, BUT THE THINGS THAT HAVE
HAPPENED TO ME HAVE RUBBED SOMETHING OF THE
YOUTH FROM MY MIND.



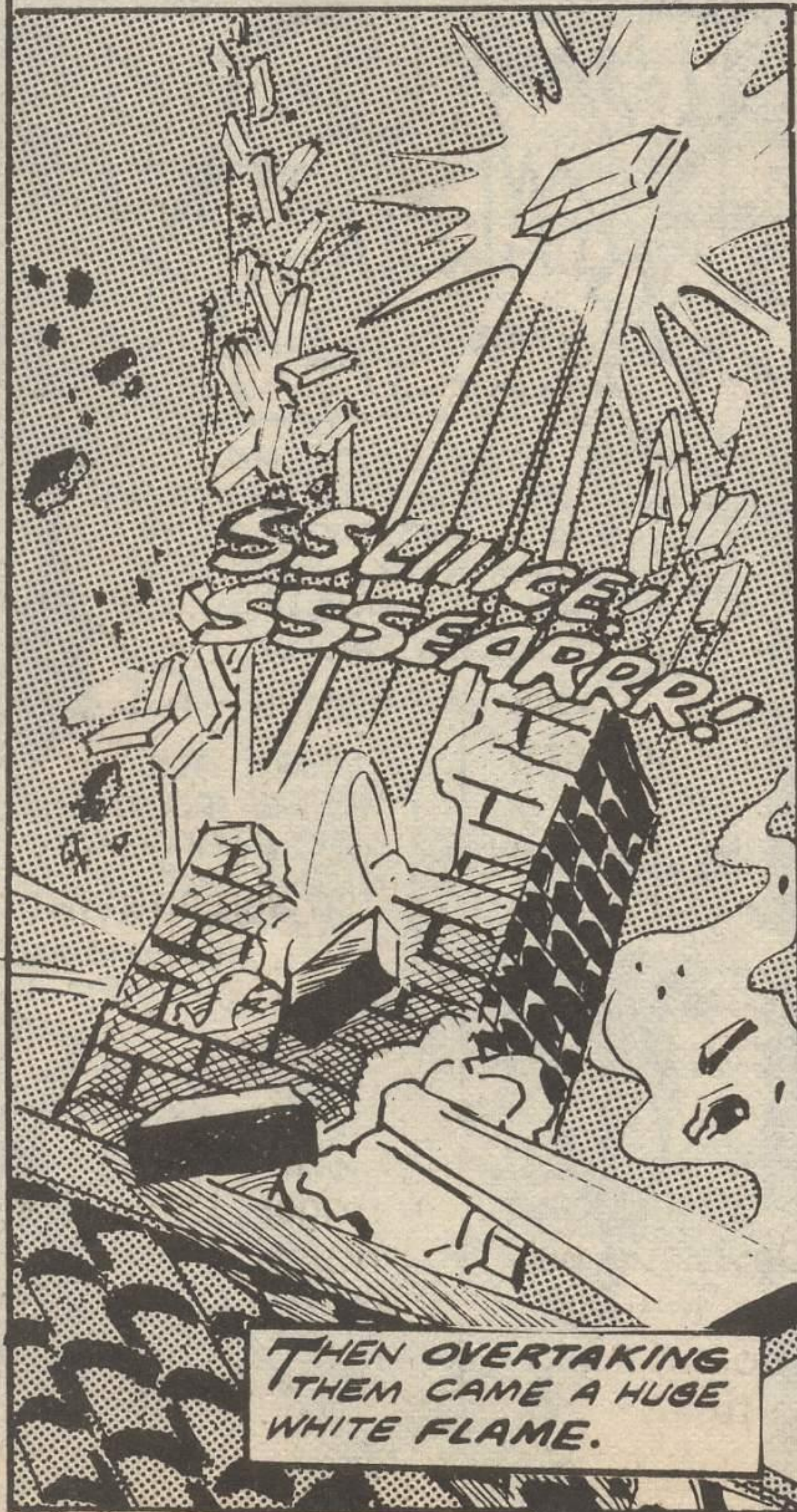
IT IS SCARCELY NECESSARY TO
GO INTO THE DETAILS OF THE
SPECULATIONS THAT LANDED ME
AT LYMPNE IN KENT.

I FIRST SET EYES ON CAVOR,
AS I WAS STRUGGLING TO
WRITE A PLAY... HOLDING
DOWN MY MIND TO THE SHEER
HARD WORK OF IT.



I DO NOT RECALL THAT
I GAVE MY PLAY AN
HOUR'S WORK AT ANY
ONE TIME AFTER MY
VISIT TO HIS HOUSE.

THEN ONE AFTERNOON
THE CHIMNEYS JERKED HEAVEN-
WARD, SMASHING INTO A STRING
OF BRICKS AS THEY ROSE.



THEN OVERTAKING
THEM CAME A HUGE
WHITE FLAME.

CAVOR TOLD ME OF
HIS ANTI-GRAVITY
EXPERIMENTS...

HOW ABOUT
IT? IT IS FAN-
TASTIC, CAVOR!
YOU HAVE NOT
EVEN BEGUN TO
SEE THE POSSI-
BILITIES.



WHEN YOU FIND
YOUR... CAVORITE
...OR WHATEVER YOU
CALL IT... WE'LL BE
WEALTHY ENOUGH
TO WORK ANY SORT
OF SOCIAL REVO-
LUTION WE FANCY.

-- AND A SQUARE BLUISH
SHINING SUBSTANCE RUSHED
UP TOWARDS THE ZENITH.

'GRATULATE
ME.

CONGRATULATE
YOU! GOOD HEAV-
ENS! WHAT FOR?

I'VE DONE
IT.



YES, CAVOR HAD SUCCEEDED
IN CONQUERING THE
FORCES OF GRAVITY!

CHAPTER 2

THE BUILDING OF THE SPHERE!

I REMEMBER DISTINCTLY THE OCCASION WHEN CAVOR TOLD ME OF HIS IDEA OF THE SPHERE.

THAT'S IT! THAT FINISHES IT!

FINISHES WHAT?

SPILLASSH

SPACE... ANYWHERE! THE MOON!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

MEAN? WHY... IT MUST BE A SPHERE! THAT'S WHAT I MEAN.

IMAGINE A SPHERE LARGE ENOUGH TO HOLD TWO MEN AND ENAMELED AS IT WERE ON THE OUTER STEEL...

WE'LL NEED A MANHOLE ENTRANCE... AIR TIGHT.

LIKE JULES VERNE'S APPARATUS IN 'A TRIP TO THE MOON?'

CAVORITE?

SUPPOSE... JUST SUPPOSE NOW, BEDFORD, THAT I LEFT THE CAVORITE LOOSE AND QUITE FREE TO GO UP!

YES!

BUT CAVOR WAS NOT A READER OF FICTION.

I BEGIN TO SEE... AND YOU COULD GET IN AND SCREW YOURSELF UP WHILE THE CAVORITE WAS WARM... AND AS SOON AS IT COOLED IT WOULD BECOME IMPERVIOUS TO GRAVITATION...

...AND OFF YOU WOULD FLY.

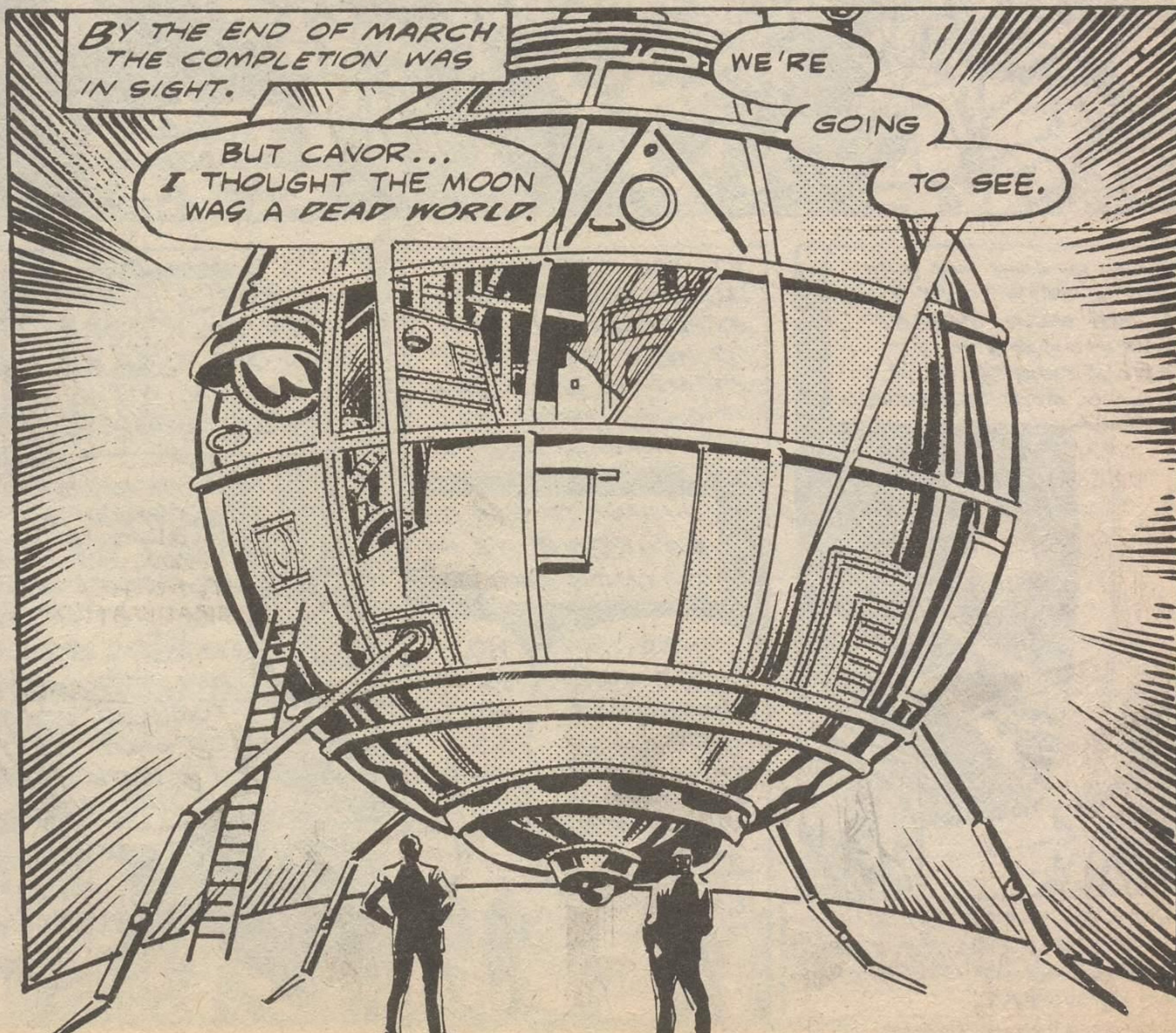
THE STEEL SPHERE CAN BE MADE IN SECTIONS... EACH SECTION CAPABLE OF ROLLING UP AFTER THE FASHION OF A ROLLER BLIND.

-- THEN AT ONCE ANY HEAVY BODY THAT CHANCES TO BE IN THAT DIRECTION WILL ATTRACT US.

WHEN ALL THESE BLINDS ARE SHUT, NO LIGHT, NO HEAT, NO GRAVITATION WILL GET INSIDE THE SPHERE--

-- BUT OPEN A BLIND--

PRACTICALLY WE SHALL BE ABLE TO TACK ABOUT IN SPACE JUST AS WE WISH. GET ATTRACTED BY THIS AND THAT.



INSIDE THE SPHERE!

"GO ON," SAID CAVOR AS I SAT ACROSS THE EDGE OF THE MANHOLE AND LOOKED DOWN INTO THE BLACK INTERIOR OF THE SPHERE.



WE TWO WERE ALONE.

HAVEN'T YOU BROUGHT ANYTHING TO READ?

GOOD LORD! NO!

I FORGOT TO TELL YOU. THERE... ARE... UNCERTAINTIES--

-- THE VOYAGE MAY LAST--

-- WE MAY BE--

-- WEEKS!

CAVOR! MY NERVE'S IN RAGS... I DON'T THINK ... CONFOUND IT I'M A FOOL! WHAT BUSINESS HAVE I HERE?



I'M NOT COMING, CAVOR.

THE THING'S TOO RISKY. I'M GETTING OUT.

YOU CAN'T.



CAN'T!??

WE'LL SOON SEE ABOUT THAT!



THE STARS WE SEE ON EARTH ARE THE MERE SCATTERED SURVIVORS THAT PENETRATE OUR MISTY ATMOSPHERE.



BUT NOW AT LAST I COULD REALIZE THE MEANING OF THE HOSTS OF HEAVEN.

IT WAS CURIOUSLY UNLIKE EARTHLY EXPERIENCE, TOO, TO HAVE THE LIGHT COMING UP. HERE IT CAME FROM BE- NEATH OUR FEET--

-- AND TO SEE OUR SHADOWS WE HAD TO LOOK UP.

CAVOR... THOSE COM- PANIES WE WERE GOING TO RUN AND ALL THAT ABOUT MINER- ALS... I DON'T SEE 'EM HERE.

NO... BUT YOU'LL GET OVER THAT.



IT'S A WORLD... ONE FEELS THAT INFINITELY MORE THAN ONE EVER DID ON EARTH. WITH PEOPLE PERHAPS...

PEOPLE! BANISH ALL THAT! THE MOON IS DEAD! VAST EXTINCT VOLCA- NOES, LAVA WILDERNESSES, TUMBLED WASTES OF SNOW OR FROZEN CAR- BONIC ACID.

THAT'S WHAT AWAITS US.

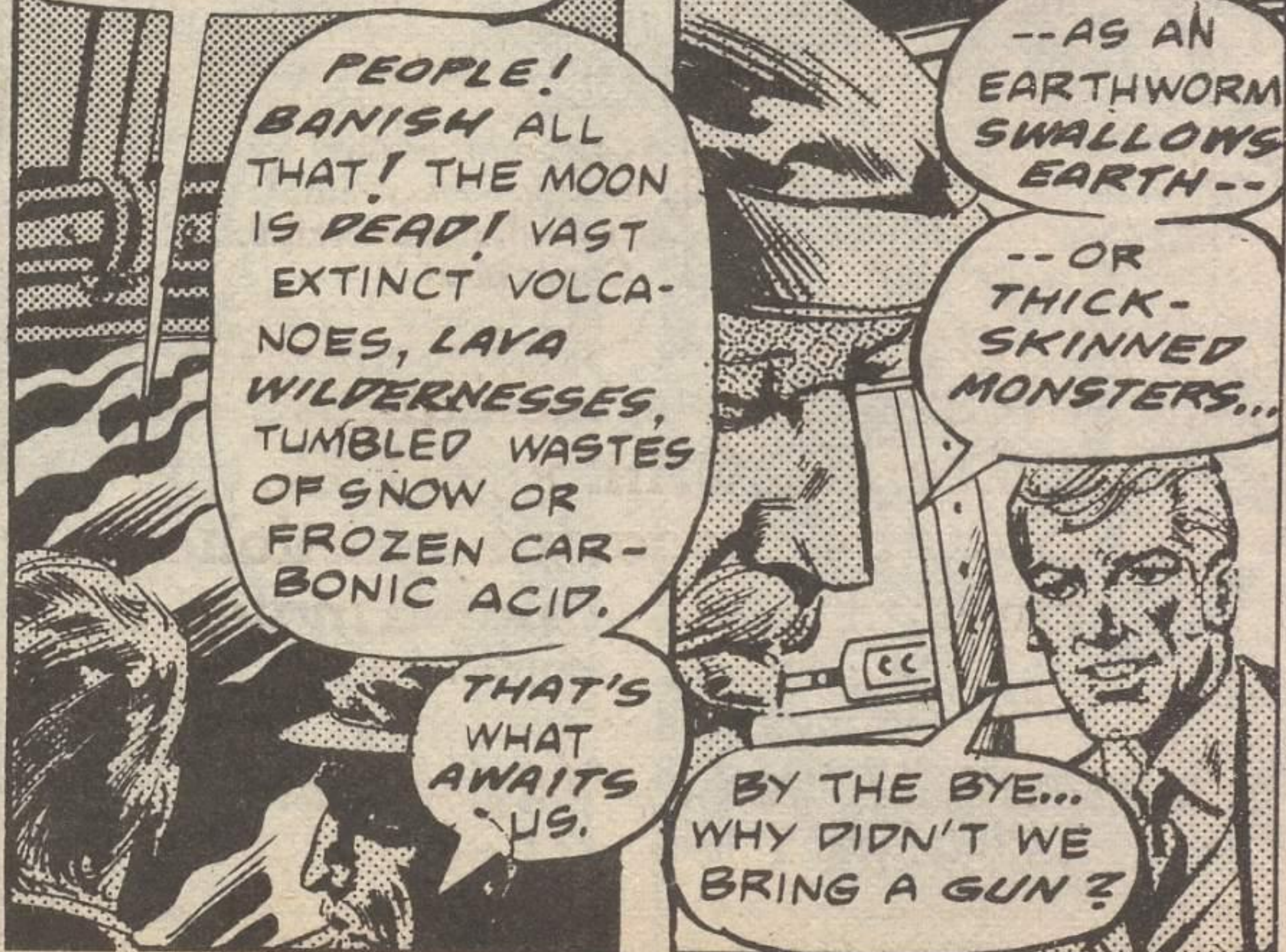
ONE CAN IMAGINE SOMETHING WORM- LIKE TAKING ITS AIR --

-- SOLID--

-- AS AN EARTHWORM SWALLOWS EARTH--

-- OR THICK- SKINNED MONSTERS...

BY THE BYE... WHY DIDN'T WE BRING A GUN?

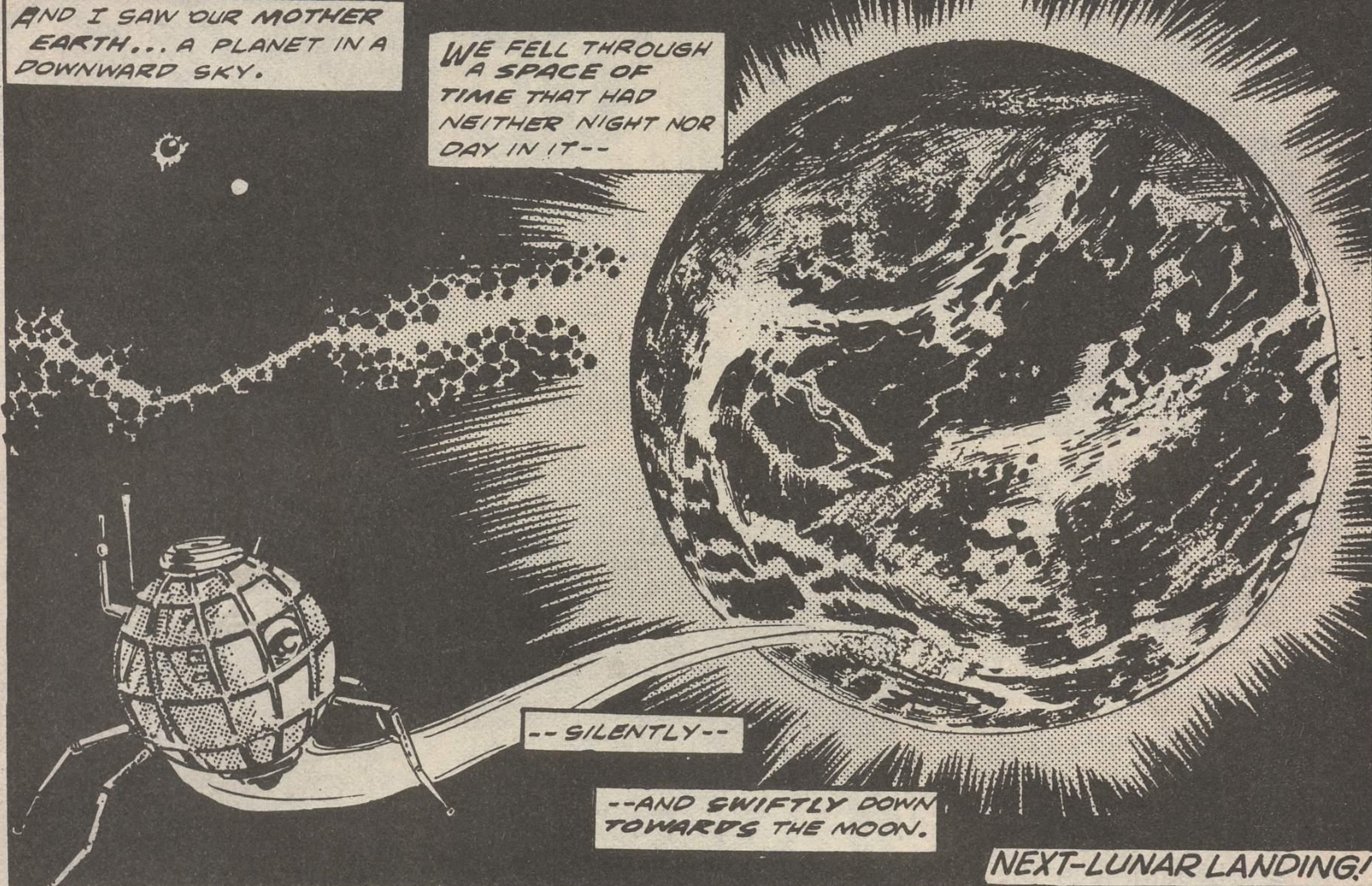


CAVOR OPENED ONE
EARTHWARD BLIND
FOR THIRTY SECONDS.

AND I SAW OUR MOTHER
EARTH... A PLANET IN A
DOWNWARD SKY.

THE LAND BELOW US WAS IN TWILIGHT AND VAGUE, BUT WEST-
WARD THE VAST GREY STRETCHES OF THE ATLANTIC SHONE
LIKE MOLTEN SILVER UNDER THE RECEPING GREY.

WE FELL THROUGH
A SPACE OF
TIME THAT HAD
NEITHER NIGHT NOR
DAY IN IT--



-- SILENTLY --

--AND SWIFTLY DOWN
TOWARDS THE MOON.

NEXT-LUNAR LANDING!

Bob Smart and Graham Holt
present

MANCHESTER COMIC MART

12 a.m. Saturday 22nd March 1980

at

Piccadilly Plaza Exhibition Hall

York Street, off Mosley Street, Manchester City Centre.

Admission FREE



- Piccadilly Plaza Exhibition Hall is situated in Manchester's main square.
- Principal bus and railway stations are just minutes away.
- Car parks available in the Plaza and just one minute away.
- Refreshments available in Comic Mart.

Britain's top comic dealers will be selling
1000's of comic books, including the latest
Marvel and D.C. imports, E.C., and
Golden Age, magazines, portfolios,
fanzines, and other related material

Future dates to be announced

Dealers information available from:

Bob Smart, 8 Sefton Ave., Congleton, CW12 3DB
Cheshire Telephone 026-02 3417

We wish to emphasise that this event has no connection with previous Manchester Comic Marts

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I enclose 10p for postage and packing.

NAME

ADDRESS

(write clearly in BLOCK letters)

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DOCTOR WHO

STORY SEVENTEEN

THE TIME MADDLER

PART TWO

Arriving in 11th century England, the Doctor investigates the strange activities of a lone monk whilst Vicki and Steven fall prey to a band of Viking spies . . .

No!" replied Wulnoth, the village elder. He pointed to Vicki. "The girl has spoken with Edith. She swears they are but harmless travellers."

Edith nodded in agreement. "They were seeking a friend up at the monastery. Send them on their way."

Even as the old woman spoke, the Viking ship had beached on the shore. Grim, fur-clad warriors, vanguard of an invasion fleet, splashed through the surf and headed purposefully toward the village. Steven stepped back from the monastery door as the rattle of bolts sounded within. The door creaked open, a black-cowled figure looked out. "Yes, my son?"

"We're looking for a friend, Father . . . he calls himself the Doctor . . ." began Steven.

"I have seen no-one," interrupted the monk, scowling. Then his brow cleared. "But if I do see the old gentleman, I shall tell him you called."

The door slammed shut.

"Strange," said Steven. "I didn't say anything about an old gentleman."

"Highly suspicious," proclaimed Vicki.

"What's he hiding . . . and why? I think we should investigate this place. Tonight!"

Late that afternoon, Elred the Saxon and his men returned from their work in the fields. A terrible sight awaited them. The village lay in ruins. The main lodge was burning. Bodies lay amongst the wreckage. It was un-



Above: The Saxon villagers, Wulnoth (Michael Miller), Edith (Alethea Charlton) and Elred (Peter Russell) discuss the fate of their two prisoners, Vicki and Steven. Right: The Doctor (William Hartnell) with Vicki (Maureen O'Brien) and a new companion, the space adventurer Steven Taylor (Peter Purves).



mistakably the aftermath of a Viking raid.

Mad with grief, the Saxons made off in pursuit. Soon the clash of weapons resounded around the cliffs. Swords swung. Helms dented. Viking blood spurted onto the sand as the Saxons meted out savage vengeance. Finally exhausted, they returned to the monastery with their wounded, leaving the Viking leader at the gates of Valhalla and the rest put to flight.

For the second time that day the monk responded to a pounding on his door. The Saxon band staggered in, swearing and gasping.

"Help us, Father," pleaded Wulnoth. "Elred is wounded and we need his strength."

The monk busied himself with bandages and lotions, unaware that he had received other visitors.

Under cover of night, Steven and Vicki had stolen into the monastery unseen. Searching through rooms and dusty corridors, they found a distinctly modern record-player which reproduced the sound of chanting monks!

But the Doctor was nowhere to be found. Then Steven made a discovery. In a small cell that showed signs of occupation, a

concealed passage led from the monastery to the clifftop. Emerging into the chill autumn air, the pair looked down to the TARDIS landing zone. To their horror, the tide was up. The TARDIS has disappeared beneath a roaring sea!

"I don't understand," wailed Steven. "We're obviously in Saxon times, but where did the watch and record-player come from?"

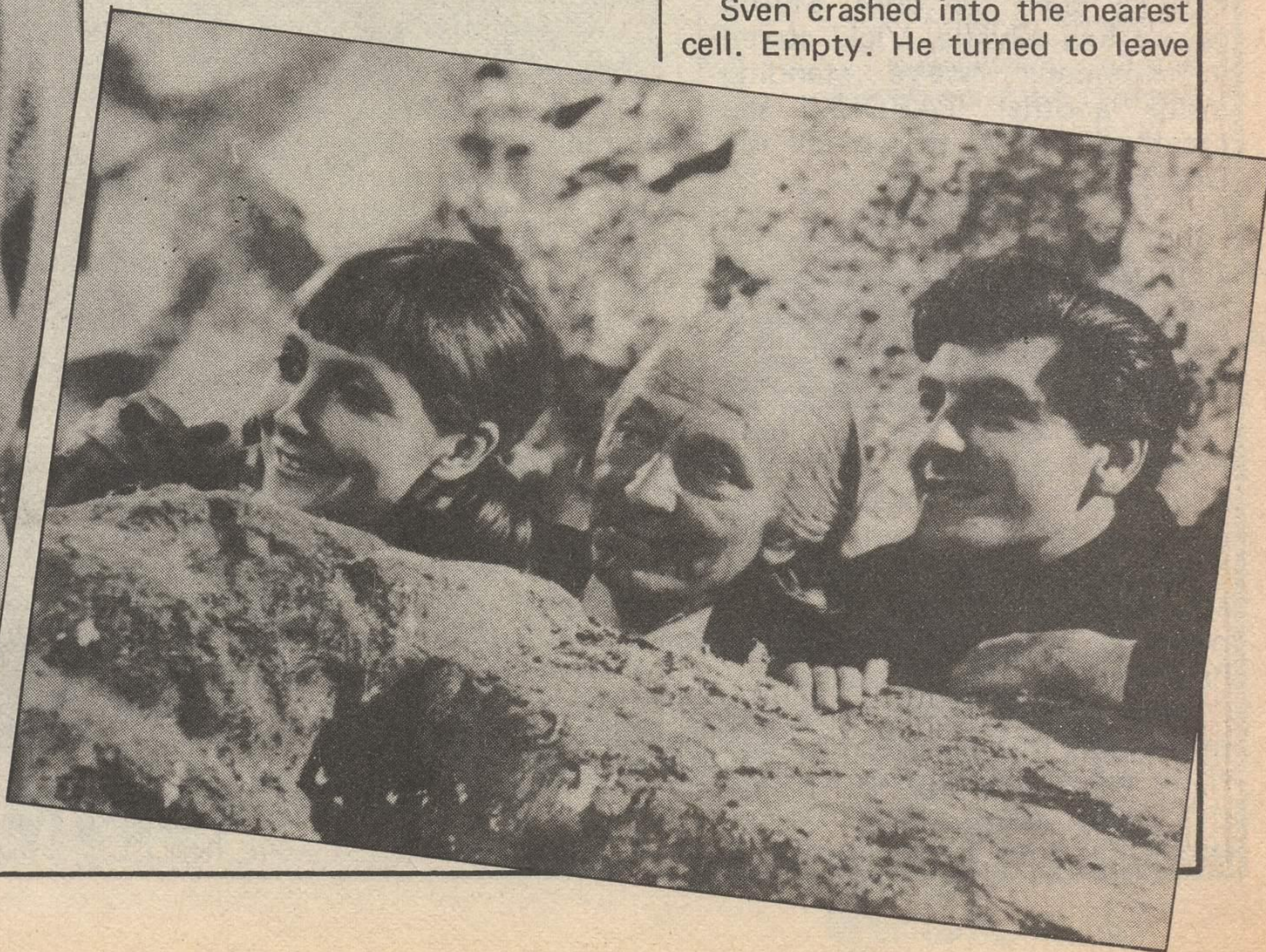
"I don't know yet," replied Vicki. "But I've a hunch we'll find the answers back at the monastery."

Down in the village, the Doctor had reached the same conclusion. As always, he was one jump ahead. Entering the monastery by a side door he spied the lone monk. With a pounce he grabbed the small man from behind. "You've got some explaining to do!" he cried.

Next moment, a loud pounding came from the main door. Pausing to push the monk into a cell and throw a robe over himself, the Doctor wrenched open the door. Two stocky Vikings burst into the hall. One drew a pitted sword and held it at the Doctor's throat!

"This one'll do," snarled the warrior. "Sven, find more. We need hostages to escape this country alive."

Sven crashed into the nearest cell. Empty. He turned to leave





Above: The Doctor (William Hartnell) and his two companions, Vicki and Steven arrive on a rocky beach where they discover a Viking helmet. The place is England, the year, 1066.

when his head exploded with lights. Clutching his dented helmet he fell to his knees. A black-cowled monk scurried from the room gripping a heavy chair leg.

But as the monk sped off to the village, Steven and Vicki were making a third discovery. Scouring the monastery once more, they followed an electrical cable and found it emerged from a door set in a stone sarcophagus. Pushing open the door, Steven gave a low whistle. Vicki stared in wonder. "We're standing inside another TARDIS," she breathed. "Wait 'til we tell the Doctor."

THE GALLIFREYAN WHO DARED TO CHANGE HISTORY!

But the Doctor was busy elsewhere. Looking up from the sword-point at his throat, he saw a wounded Elred about to bring down his sword hilt onto the Viking's head. **CRAAK!** The blow landed. The Viking fell half-stunned. It was enough.

The Doctor fled from the monastery. In the light of beacon flares on the clifftop he tackled the crazy monk. The Doctor shook him until his teeth rattled.

"You fool!" he shouted. "I know what you're doing. You're changing history!"

"Only a little," gasped the monk. "I want this Viking invasion destroyed. King Harold will then be fresh and rested for the battle in the south against William of Normandy. The Battle of Hastings will be won by Harold! It's a lovely plan," he added wistfully.

VIKINGS WITH ATOMIC WEAPONS

"You should be ashamed!" thundered the Doctor, later, standing in the monk's TARDIS with Vicki and Steven. "To think that a fellow Gallifreyan would stoop so low."

The monk hung his head.

Then he lowered his head further and ran, butting past the startled time travellers and out into the corridor. **WHOMP!** full tilt into the Vikings Sven and Ulf. Swearing allegiance to every Viking king known to man, the monk identified himself as a spy and immediately organised the confused warriors into carrying an atomic bazooka, plus ammunition, down to the cliffs. "To help the glorious invasion," he assured them.

Wulnoth and his Saxons had

other ideas. On the clifftop the farmers attacked. Wielding fearful weapons and shrieking war cries they routed the Viking survivors. But once again the elusive monk disappeared.

For the Doctor and his friends the way was clear. Vicki and Steven watched, puzzled, as the Doctor emerged from the monk's TARDIS holding a piece of string. He tugged it. A small component flew out of the door. He pocketed it, smiling broadly. "I think we'll find our own TARDIS quite safe," he said. Then led the way down to the beach, swaggering slightly.

STRANDED IN TIME!

Long after the TARDIS had dematerialised, a black-cowled figure emerged from a clump of trees.

Creeping stealthily into the monastery, the figure paused at the entrance of the stone TARDIS. There was no room to enter. A note lay by the door. The monk read it with a sinking heart. "Dear Chap," it said. "I've taken the dimensional control from your TARDIS console. The interior area now matches the exterior. It seems that you must stay in the eleventh century and watch history unfold as it should."

The note was signed "The Doctor" and signalled an end to the tiresome activities of the meddling monk.

THE TIME MEDDLER Credits

The Doctor (*William Hartnell*); Vicki (*Maureen O'Brien*); Steven Taylor (*Peter Purves*); The Monk (*Peter Butterworth*);

Written by *Dennis Spooner*;
Directed by *Douglas Campfield*;
Produced by *Verity Lambert*.

**Next Week:
A GREAT NEW
ADVENTURE
IN GALAXY 4**

RESULTS... RESULTS... RESULTS...

TALKING DALEKS COMPETITION

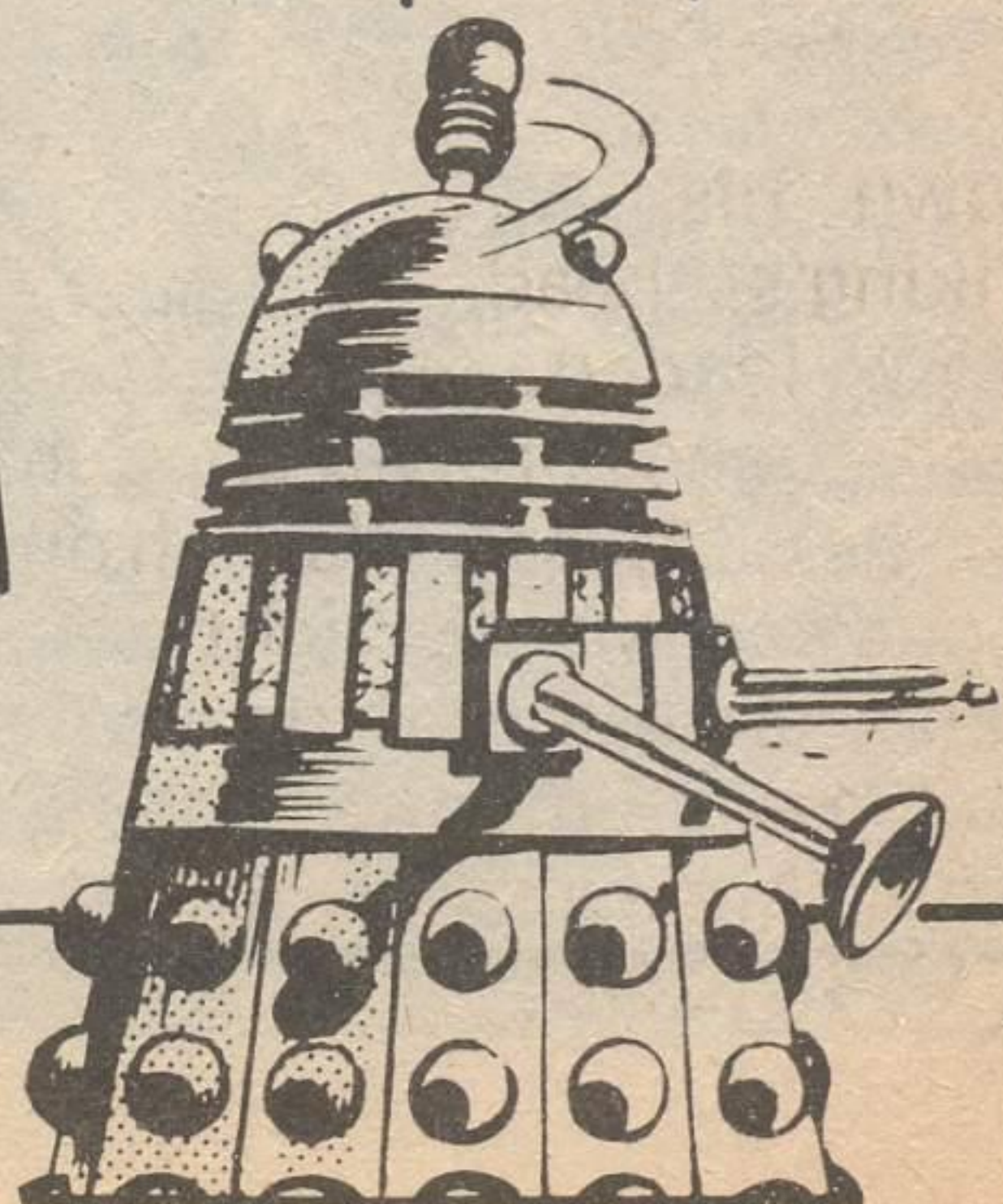
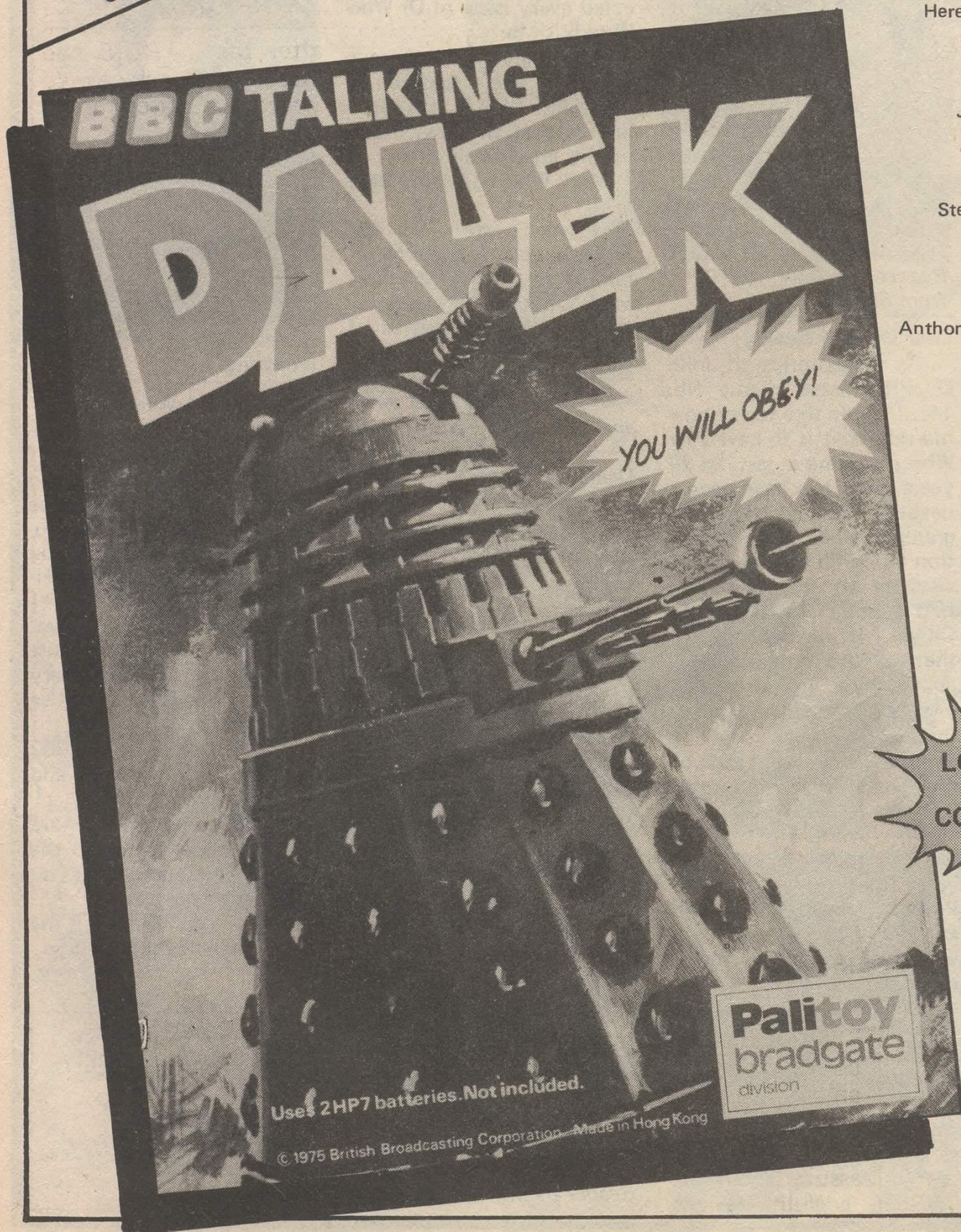
THE overwhelming response to our hair-tearing, brain-teaser of a competition was just great! You just wouldn't believe how many words can be made from **EXTERMINATE**

— we didn't! The most anyone found was an incredible 247 words! Congratulations to the thirty of you intellectual heroes who battled through to win their very own Palitoy Talking Daleks!

Here are our thirty lucky prize-winners:

Paul Hill from Solihull;
Gool Skinder from Lewisham;
J. Chalmers from Birmingham;
Elizabeth Edward from Aldershot;
John Barraclough from Dymchurch;
John Wood from Redcar;
Simon Davies from Worthing;
Steven Groome from Brentwood;
Andrew Heskins from Colchester;
Stephen Clark from Stanford-le-Hope;
J. Thompson from Liverpool;
James Crosby from York;
David Russell from Northampton;
Edward Webb from Cambridge;
Paul Woods from Bristol;
Anthony Johnson from Upton-by-Chester;
Richard Anderson from Prudhoe;
Neil Shipsey from Gosport;
Jamie Begg from Worthing;
Jerry Lawson from York;
M. Jennings from Reigate;
Austin Dyson from Barnsley;
Robert & Alex Clemmitt from Burton-on-Trent;
Lee Cassey from Salisbury;
Edward Jolley from Tunbridge;
Klaus Lapikens from London;
A. McKay from Sheffield;
Lea Madlin from Romford;
Mark Nickinson from Hythe;
Stuart Brown from Southampton.

LOTS MORE FABULOUS
PRIZE-WINNING
COMPETITIONS COMING
SOON!





Once more, we have a huge batch of your letters — and photos — to print so let's get straight into them...

Dear Dr Who Weekly,

Everyone on tv is having a film made about them these days. So how about it! **Dr Who — The Motion Picture!**

It will be the epic battle between the Doctor and all of his popular foes such as the Daleks, Cybermen, Ice Warriors, The Master, Mandrells, Zarbi and Davros!

Alan Smith, Swansea.

There were in fact two Dr Who feature films, Alan. Dr Who and the Daleks (1965), and its 1966 sequel Daleks Invasion Earth 2150AD (see issue 8) both starring Peter Cushing as the Doctor.



Reader Paul Forster from Sunderland.

Dear Dr Who Weekly,

I had my first Dr Who Weekly in December and have been buying the magazine ever since. But one day I went down to the newsagents and found to my horror, that they had sold out!

WHO CARES!

Then I had an idea. I went back to the newsagent and said "Could you please reserve a copy of Dr Who Weekly for me?"

So now I can be sure to get your comic every week!

Carl Lowe, Birmingham.



Reader Michael Steadman from Sidcup.

Dear Dr Who Weekly,

As a postscript to John D. Pitt's letter (Issue No. 14), I would like to say how marvellous it is to have a Dr Who magazine at last. At 24 years old I too have been a devoted fan of the programme since its conception in 1963 and can even visualise to this day that first episode "An Unearthly Child". It occurred to me that as the programme is approaching its twentieth year, wouldn't it be great if the BBC would show a complete story from each of the Doctor's series — for example, a re-show of "The Dalek Invasion of Earth" with William Hartnell and co. Then a story with Patrick Troughton and John Pertwee etc. Not only would it be nostalgic for us older fans but would also be a chance for the youngsters who have never seen those older ones to find out exactly what they were like.

Dr Who Weekly has everything a life-long fan of the series could want. I liked the inside story about the TARDIS and the reviews

of the old stories. Even at my age I buy this magazine with pride and hope others do too.

Long live Dr Who and Dr Who Weekly!

Gerry Hughes, Chippenham.

Dear Dr Who Weekly,

Your magazine is just crammed full of amazing information. I have collected every issue of Dr Who Weekly so far.

I'm a great fan of your comic! The feature I especially like is the retelling of past tv shows. Keep up this great weekly!

Mark Whiting, Herne Bay.

This week's story, "The Time Meddler", ends the re-run of the 1964-1965 season. So, just for a change, we're beginning a series of Dr Who Weekly's very own stories. Look out for it, very soon, and be sure to write and tell us what you think!

Dear Dr Who Weekly,

I am writing to you to ask if you could have a club in your comic. Please, please. I would be really grateful.

Mark Stillman, Sutton.



Reader Benito Caramel.

Funny you should ask that Mark. We've got just the thing for you! Coming very shortly — your very own secret club, open to Dr Who Weekly readers.



Reader Steven Welch from Worthing.

Dear Dr Who Weekly,

I would like to congratulate you on your comic. I personally don't read comics much but because Dr Who is my favourite programme I got it. To tell you the truth I think its marvellous.

The stories are great. You must have a great artist because Tom Baker is very hard to draw I know — I've tried!

In the future I hope you include the Cybermen and Zygons in your stories.

The competitions are great. I hope you keep the very high standards you have set yourselves.

In my opinion this is the best comic of the Century.

Steve Perry.

Who Cares!

Doctor Who Weekly,
Marvel Comics,
Jadwin House,
205-211 Kentish
Town Road,
London NW5.

SHIP OF FOOLS

SCRIPT: MOORE ART: DILLON

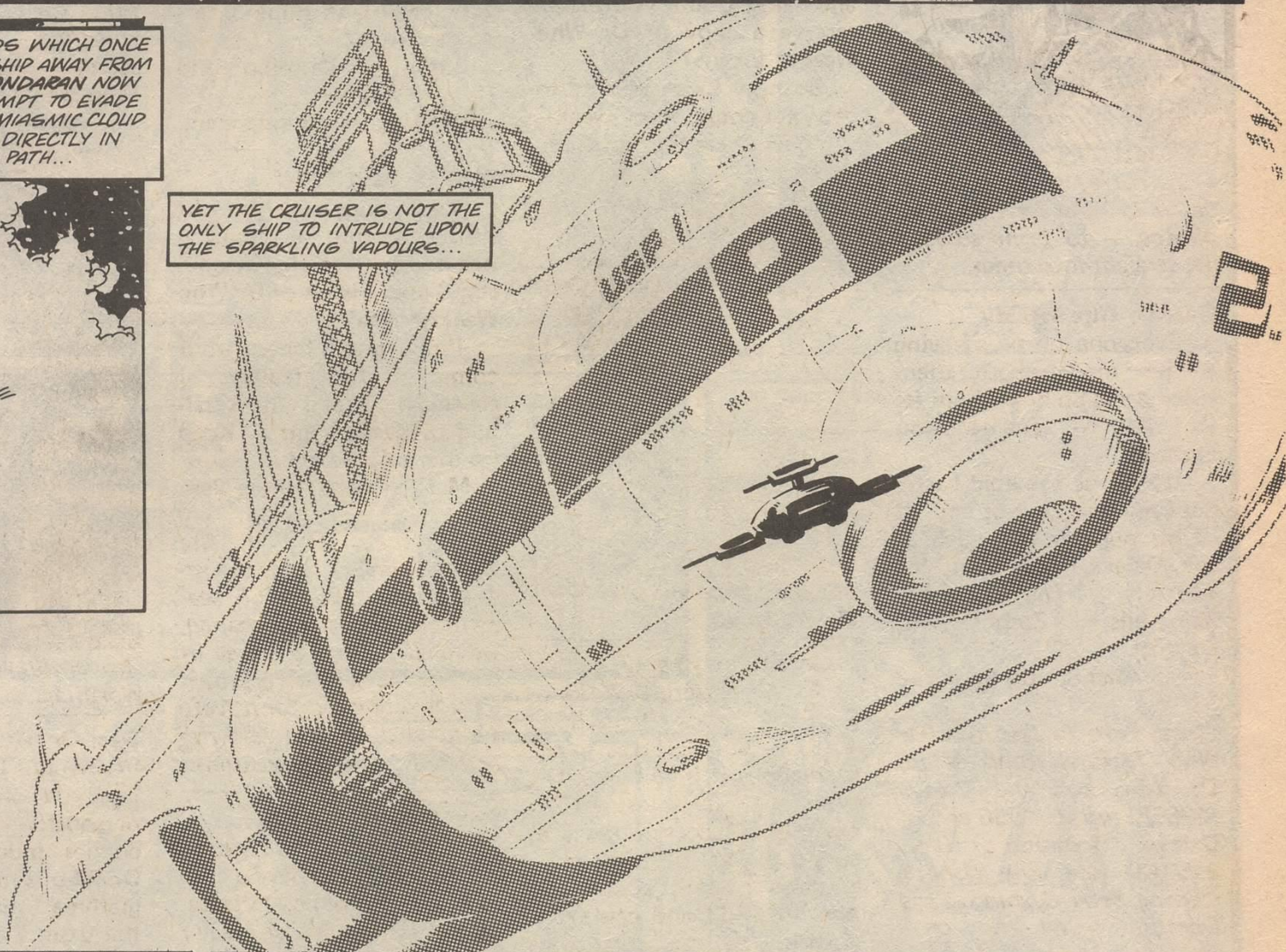
INERT, LIFELESS, A ONCE MIGHTY BATTLE-CRUISER DRIFTS THROUGH THE VAST VOID OF TIMELESS SPACE, CARRIED FORWARD BY THE MOMENTUM GAINED FROM ENGINES LONG-SINCE DEAD...ON BOARD, NOTHING STIRS...



AND THE HANDS WHICH ONCE STEERED THE SHIP AWAY FROM THE PLANET MONDARAN NOW MAKE NO ATTEMPT TO EVADE THE STRANGE, MIASMIC CLOUD WHICH HANGS DIRECTLY IN THE CRUISER'S PATH...



YET THE CRUISER IS NOT THE ONLY SHIP TO INTRUDE UPON THE SPARKLING VAPOURS...



AND THIS SECOND SHIP IS NOT LIFELESS...



WE'VE GOT CONTACT! NOW, DRAW IT ON BOARD!

LOOKS LIKE AN ALIEN SHIP! WHAT FUN! I CAN'T WAIT TO TAKE A LOOK INSIDE!

AND, WHEN THE CRUISER'S AIR-LOCK HAS BEEN BREACHED...



NO-ONE ON BOARD EXCEPT THIS... LOOKS LIKE SOME SORT OF ROBOT...

LET'S GET IT OUT OF HERE... MAYBE WE CAN RECHARGE IT! MIGHT GIVE US SOME AMUSEMENT, AT LEAST...

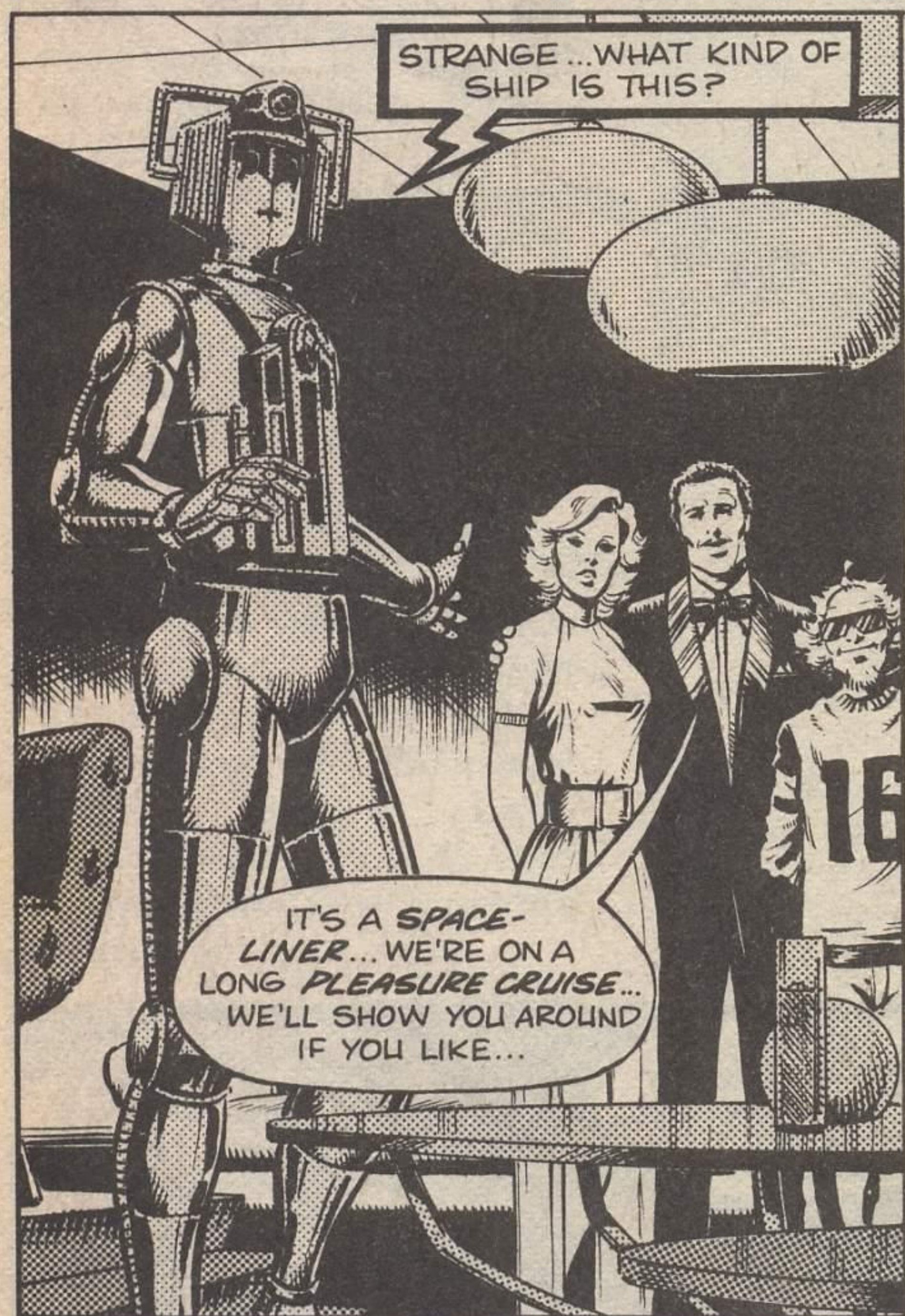
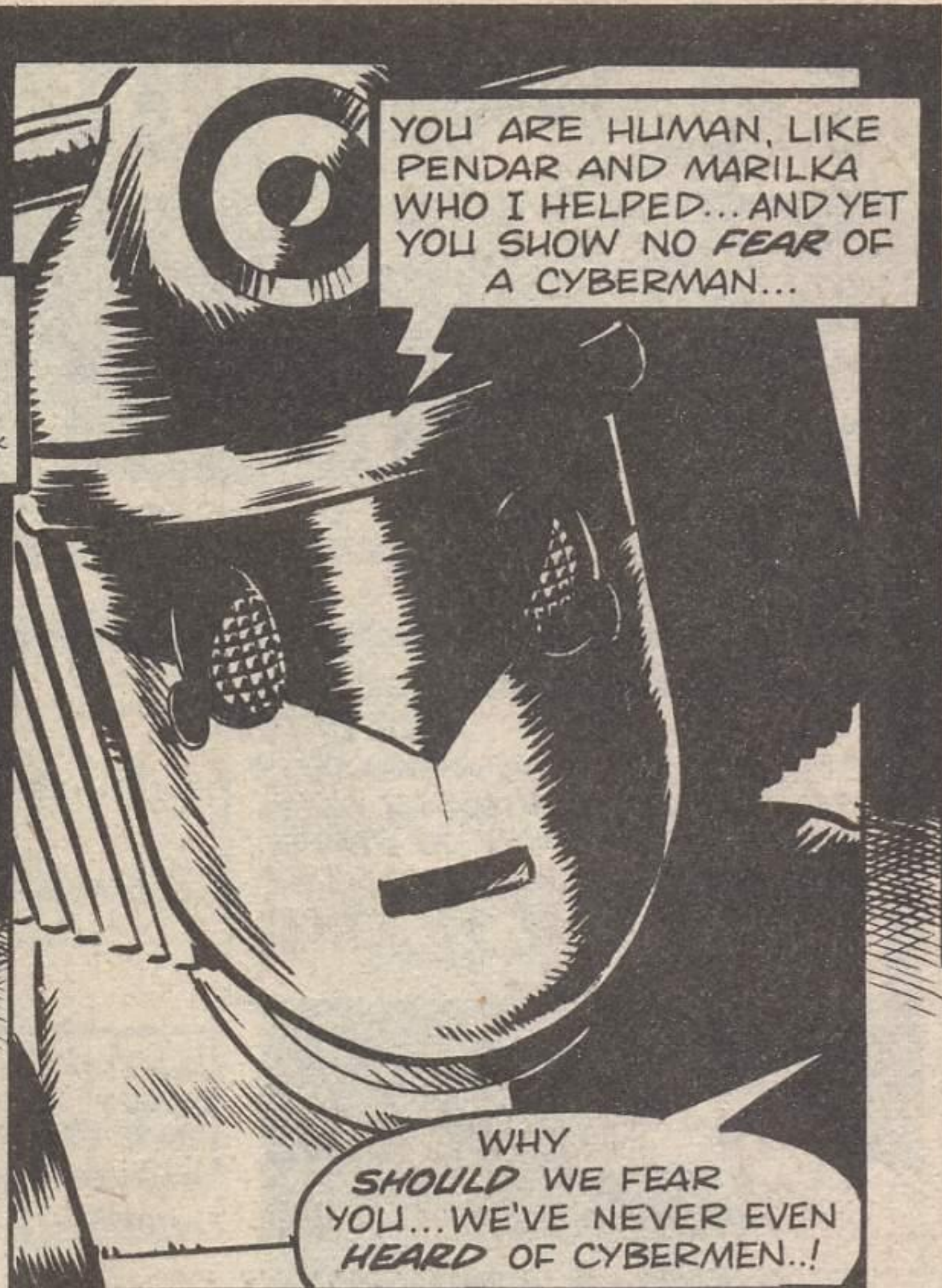
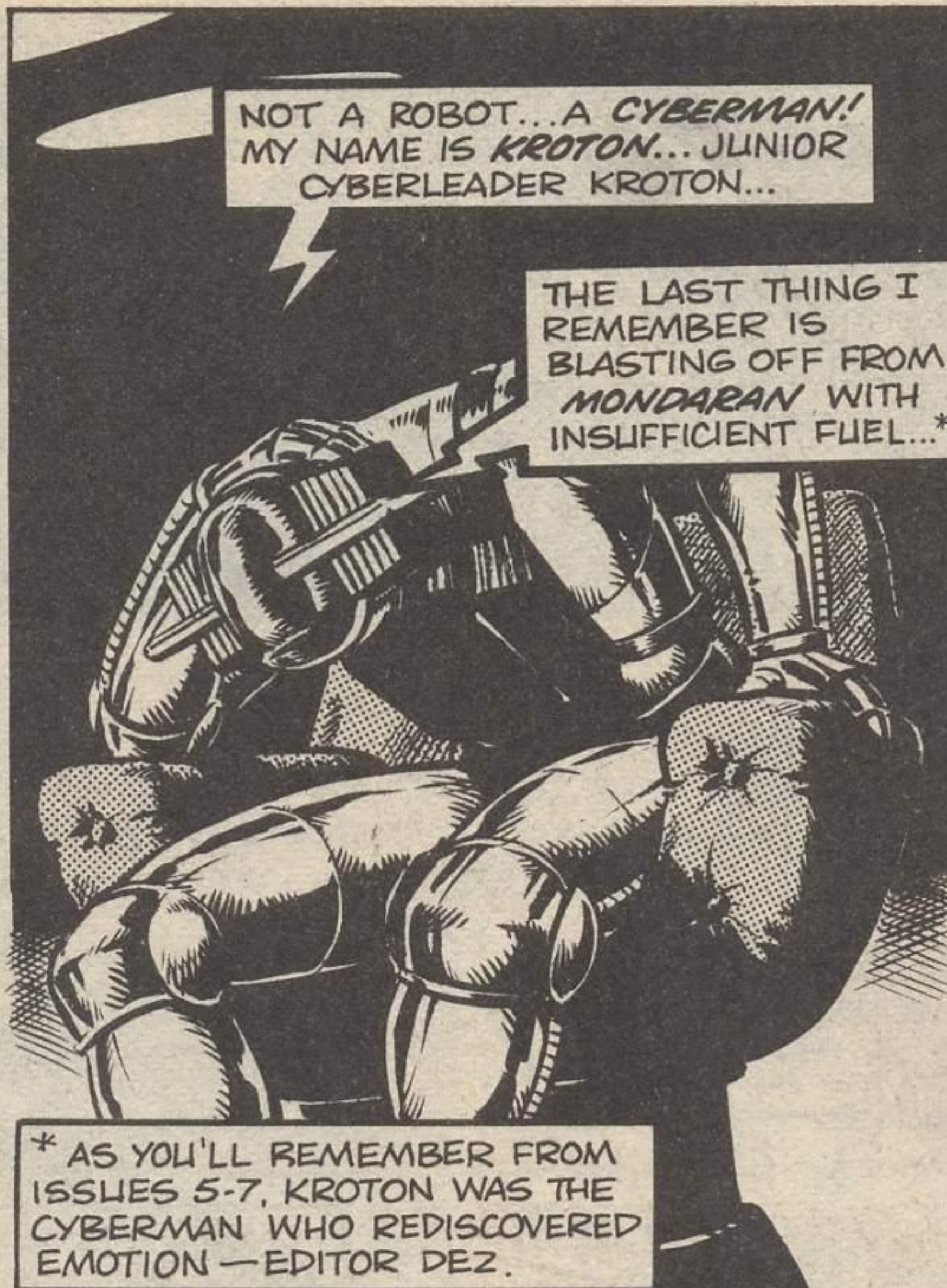
AND AS ELECTRIC LIFE SEEPS BACK INTO THE PILOT'S BODY...

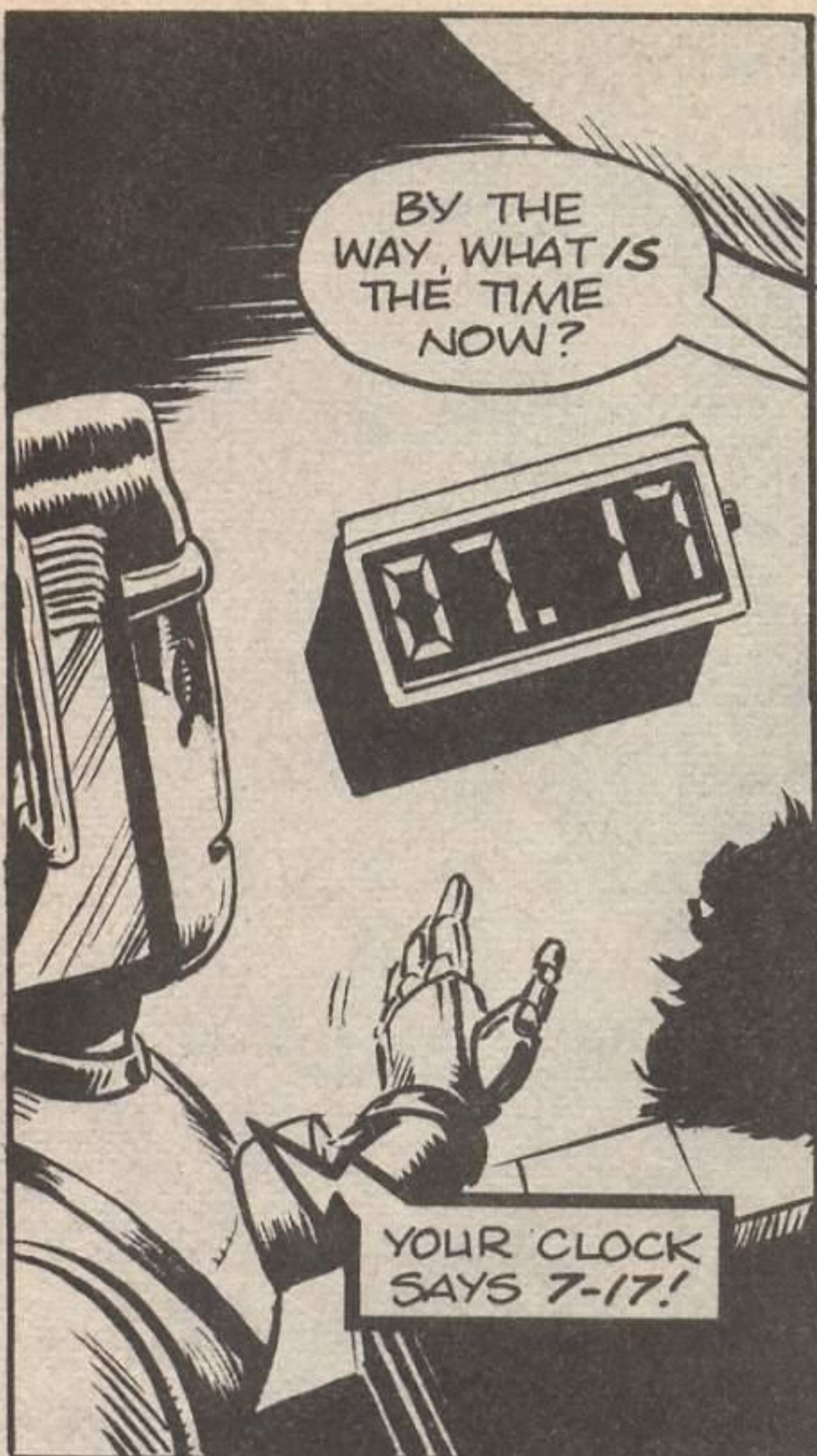


IT'S MOVING! BY ALDERBARAN! WHAT A NOVELTY!

PITY YOU CAN'T SEE THIS, LEONART... IT'S TREMENDOUS!

WHERE..?





BY THE WAY, WHAT IS THE TIME NOW?

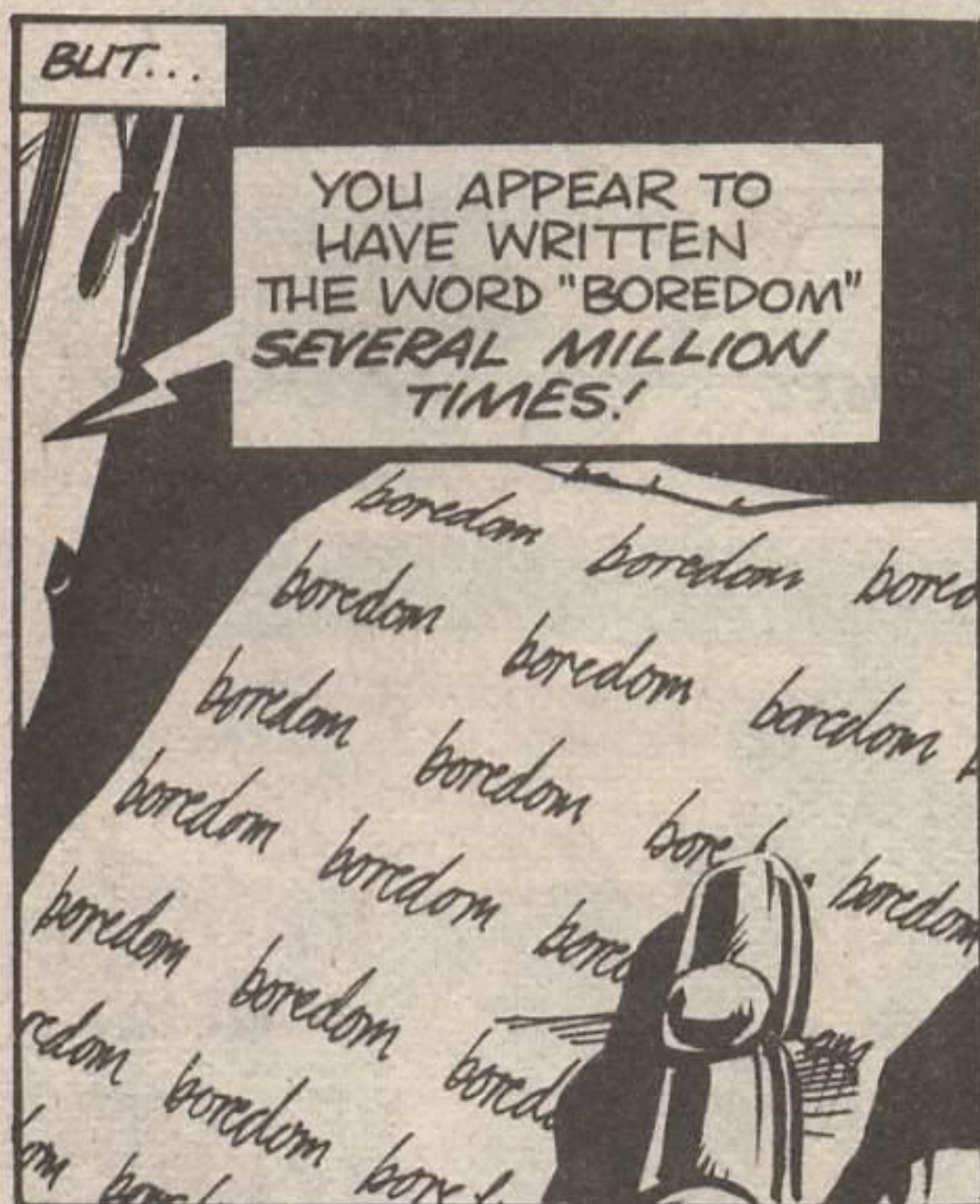
YOUR CLOCK SAYS 7-17!



AND SOON, LIP ON A-DECK...

HELLO, WILLOUGHBY! THIS IS KROTON! HE'D LIKE TO READ SOME OF YOUR JOURNAL...

WELL, HELP YOURSELF... I'M BUSY! GOT A LOT TO DO TODAY..!



BUT... YOU APPEAR TO HAVE WRITTEN THE WORD "BOREDOM" SEVERAL MILLION TIMES!



OF COURSE! THAT'S ALL THERE IS HERE ON THIS SHIP... LITTER, UNENDING BOREDOM!



COME ON, YOU WON'T GET ANY MORE OUT OF HIM! HE'S IN A BAD MOOD!



COME TO THINK OF IT, HE'S BEEN IN A BAD MOOD FOR QUITE A WHILE...



THIS IS STRANGE! ON MONDARAN I LEARNED TO RESPECT HUMAN VIRTUES LIKE COURAGE, HONOUR AND LOYALTY...

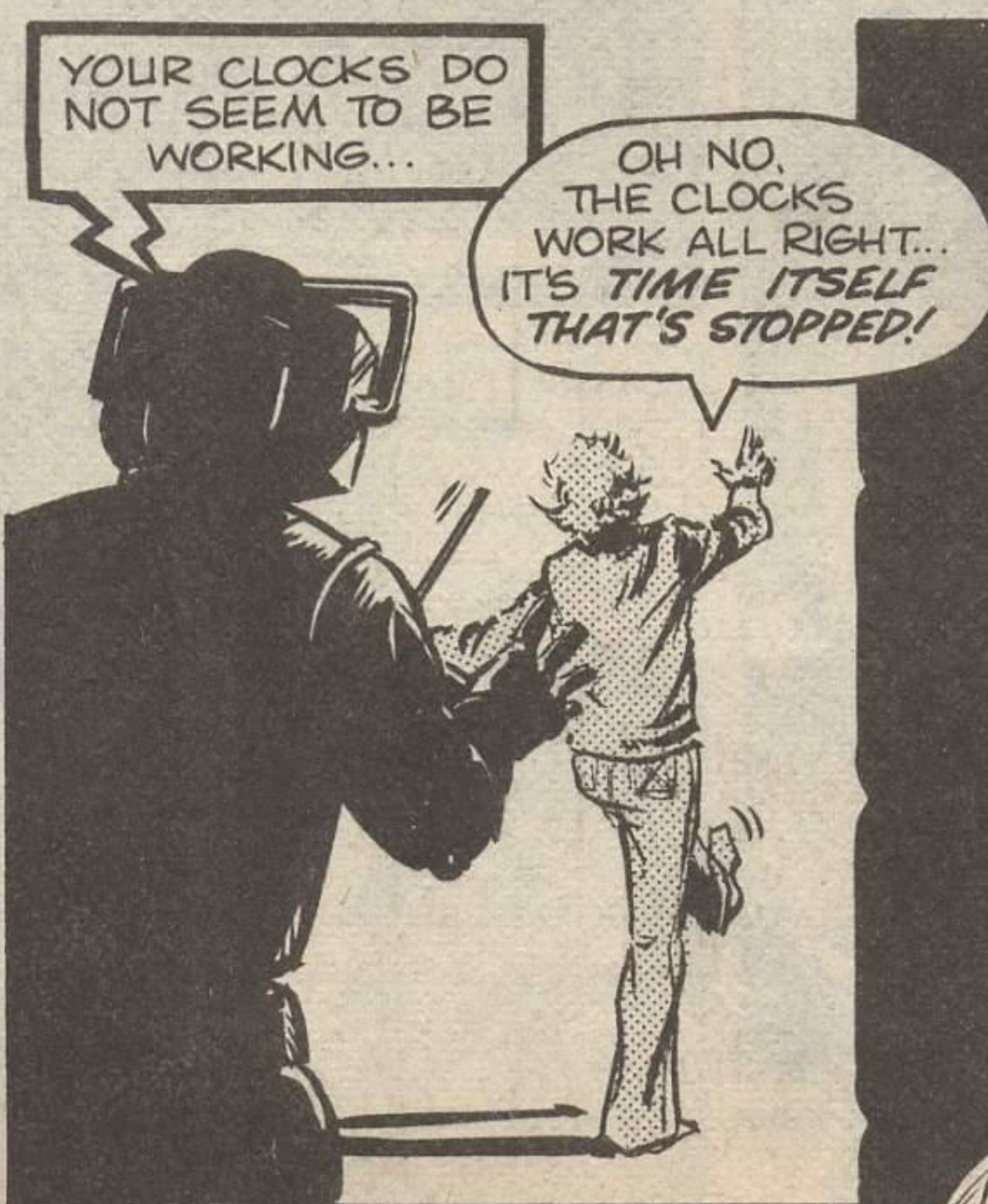
BUT ALL I FIND HERE IS IRRATIONALITY AND PURPOSELESS BEHAVIOUR! THIS I DO NOT UNDERSTAND..!

WELL, THIS IS A PLEASURE CRUISE... ONE LONG PARTY WITHOUT END!

WHAT'S THE TIME NOW?



IT IS... 7-17...?!?



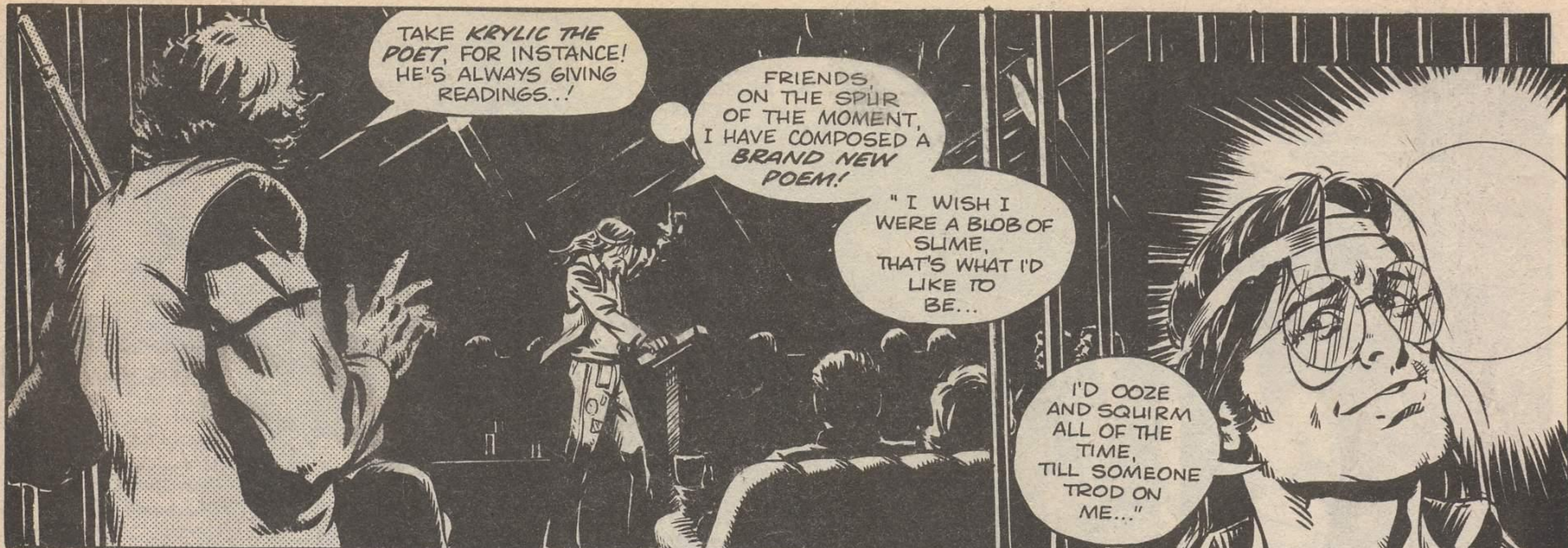
YOUR CLOCKS DO NOT SEEM TO BE WORKING...

OH NO, THE CLOCKS WORK ALL RIGHT... IT'S TIME ITSELF THAT'S STOPPED!



I THINK YOU ARE TRYING TO DELIBERATELY CONFUSE ME, LEONHART...

ME? WELL, IF YOU DON'T LIKE ME, GO AND FIND SOMETHING ELSE TO DO! THAT'S WHAT THE OTHERS DO... THEY'RE ALWAYS BUSY!



TAKE KRYLIC THE POET, FOR INSTANCE! HE'S ALWAYS GIVING READINGS...

FRIENDS, ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT, I HAVE COMPOSED A BRAND NEW POEM!

"I WISH I WERE A BLOB OF SLIME, THAT'S WHAT I'D LIKE TO BE..."

I'D OOZE AND SQUIRM ALL OF THE TIME, TILL SOMEONE TROD ON ME...



DO YOU NOT WISH TO STAY AND HEAR MORE?

NO, I'VE HEARD IT BEFORE...

BUT HE SAID IT WAS NEW! WHEN DID YOU HEAR IT BEFORE?

OH, ABOUT 7-17...



PERHAPS THIS IS A PLOT TO MAKE ME DOUBT MY SENSES! EVERYTHING THEY TELL ME SEEMS MAD OR IMPOSSIBLE...

UNLESS...PERHAPS THERE REALLY IS SOMETHING INCOMPREHENSIBLY STRANGE HAPPENING HERE...



WAIT, LEONART...I MUST TALK TO YOU!

IS IT TIME FOR COCKTAILS YET, DEAR?

CASSANDRA, HONEY...IT'S ALWAYS TIME FOR COCKTAILS!



YOU HAVE TO EXPLAIN... WHAT IS THIS SHIP? WHERE IS IT GOING? WHY IS EVERYTHING SO STRANGE?

YOU MEAN YOU REALLY DON'T KNOW?



WE'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE... WE'RE CAUGHT IN A TIME-WARP! THAT'S WHAT THE CURTAIN OF LIGHT IS THAT SURROUNDS THE SHIP...



TIME STANDS STILL HERE... AND WE VOYAGE ON USELESSLY THROUGH ALL ETERNITY...

...FOREVER AND EVER AND EVER!



DIDN'T YOU SEE THE NAME OF THE SHIP WHEN THEY BROUGHT YOU IN?

FLYING DUTCHMAN II

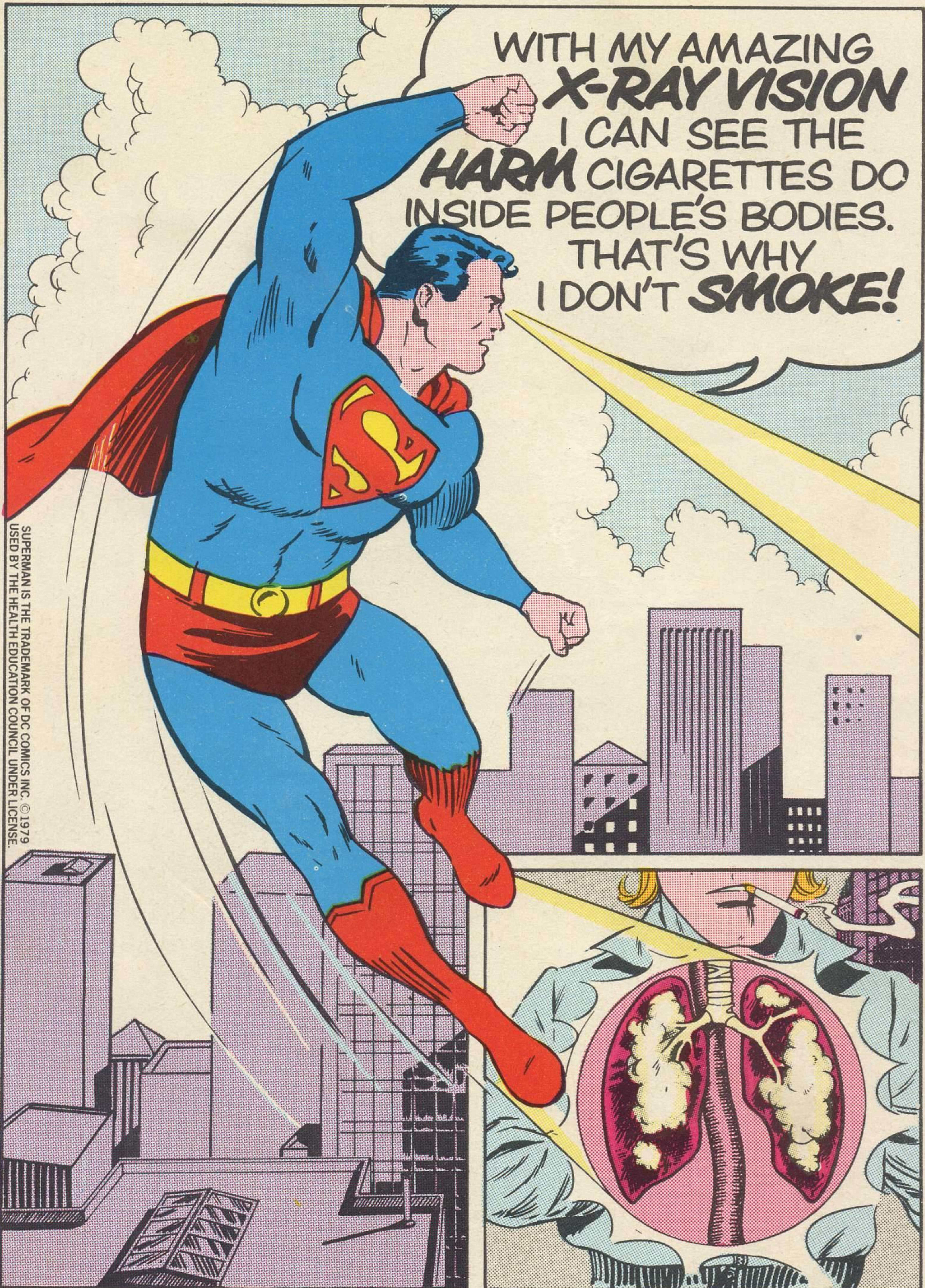
TO BE CONTINUED...

DOCTOR WHO

PIN-UP



Patrick Troughton as the Doctor and Jamie (Frazer Hines), regarding a 'Servo Robot' with some distrust, in the Dr Who adventure "The Wheel in Space".



WITH MY AMAZING
X-RAY VISION
I CAN SEE THE
HARM CIGARETTES DO
INSIDE PEOPLE'S BODIES.
THAT'S WHY
I DON'T **SMOKE!**

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